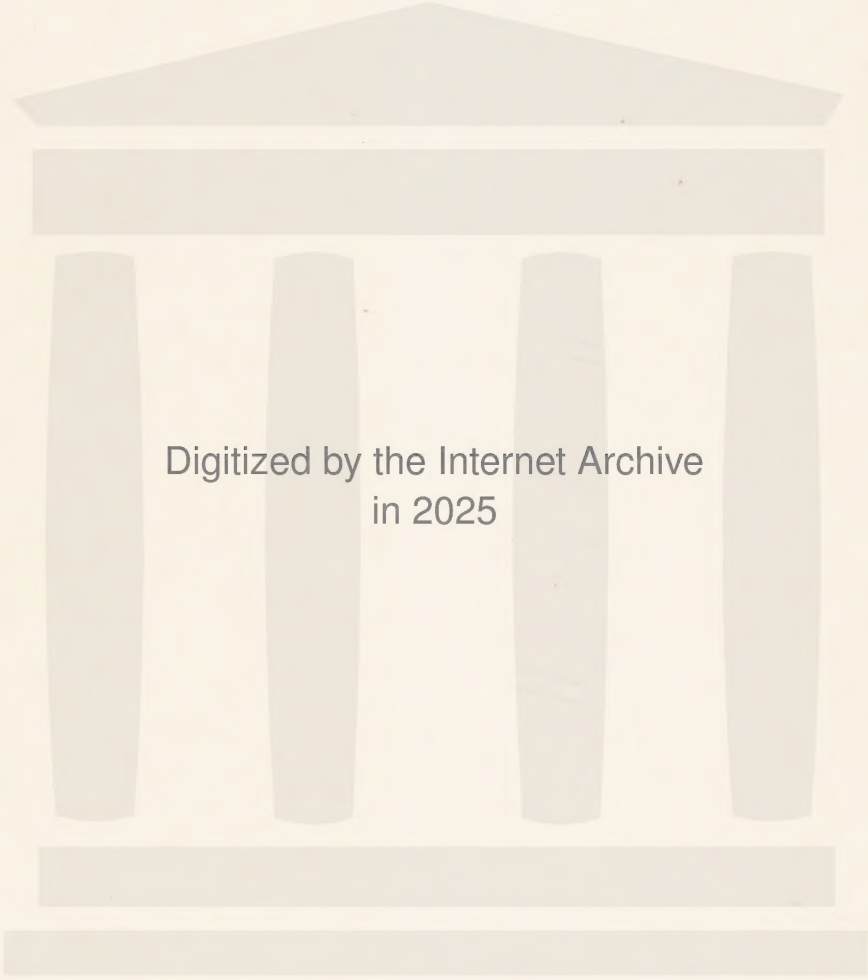
Songs for Little People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SONGS
FOR
LITTLE PEOPLE

FOR USE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
THE KINDERGARTEN
AND THE HOME

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON
AND GRACE WILBUR CONANT

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LUCY WHEELOCK

BOSTON THE PILGRIM PRESS CHICAGO

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Frances Weld Danielson
and
Grace Wilbur Conant

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INTRODUCTION

IF the wise man who preferred to write the songs of a nation to making its laws could have appointed song-makers for successive generations of children in every land, there might be today more people moved by "concord of sweet sounds," and fewer "fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils."

Those who are able to reach the heart of childhood through words, melody, and rhythm may always be counted among the wise who bring their gifts to the child. In order to write songs for children, it is necessary to "live with children," to know how to appeal to a child's feeling and understanding. Miss Danielson in her "Songs for Little People" shows a rare sympathy with the child-life and knowledge of its needs. The work is the result of her actual experience in teaching little ones and writing for them.

It is unique in its plan, including songs for every day and songs for Sunday, songs of one stanza for the wee ones, and songs for the older members of the class. The verses of the new songs are simple, childlike and poetic, and it is a real pleasure to find many of the classics of childhood included in the collection. The fine musical quality of the book is due to the original work of Miss Conant, and her renderings of selected melodies from many of the best composers. The list of authors and composers is a notable one.

One can heartily wish that this little book may reach many "little people" throughout the land.

LUCY WHEELOCK.

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FOREWORD

The day is far past when anything was considered good enough for children, and the beginnings of reading and singing are now made the beginnings of literature and music. There is a growing conviction that to be suitable for them a poem need not be commonplace, nor a song ordinary. In preparing "Songs for Little People" the endeavor has been to make a book of literary and musical value, that is yet perfectly simple and childlike.

The poems have been chosen not alone for their beauty of thought but for their beauty of expression, the best writers of child-verse being called upon to contribute, for words learned at this early stage, when they will be retained in the memory the entire life, should be such as will prove treasures, and not mental rubbish. The music, while simple, within the compass of children's voices, and rhythmical, has been selected with equal care. Melodies from the masters, foreign kindergarten music, old English, French, and German carols have been used, and the folk-songs of many lands, some of which are believed to be now published for the first time in this country.

The book is adapted to the kindergarten and primary grades of the Sunday-school, to the kindergarten, and the home. It is so arranged that the strictly religious portions, the hymns, Bible verses, songs for festival days, processionals, and offertories, come in the first half, and the nature songs, wee songs, motion songs, and music, in the last half. This will be found convenient by both Sunday-school teachers and kindergartners, although hymns and festival songs are much used in the kindergarten, and the modern Sunday-school teacher appreciates the value of nature and motion songs.

The special features are the revival of many of those choice old hymns which are indeed the heritage of childhood, and which have been in sore danger of passing; Bible verses set to simple music, a delightful way to learn Scripture; wee songs for the tiniest children, who cannot yet carry the thought over into a second stanza; and motion songs and music, that spiritualize the physical exercises necessary to insure quiet attention.

Sincere thanks are tendered to the authors and publishers who have so kindly permitted the use of poems and songs, and to the friends of little children, both in the Sunday-school and the kindergarten, who have shown interest in the progress of this book. It now remains for it to win its way to the hearts of the little people and to be given out to the world through their voices.

Frances Weld Danielson.
Grace Wilbur Conant.

THE NEW EDITION

This little song-book reappears, ten years since it was first issued, with thirty-six additional songs, both new and old, which have been carefully chosen to fill further needs expressed by teachers who have used it with little children. May this second edition meet with the cordial reception accorded the first.

F. W. D.
G. W. C.

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SONGS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

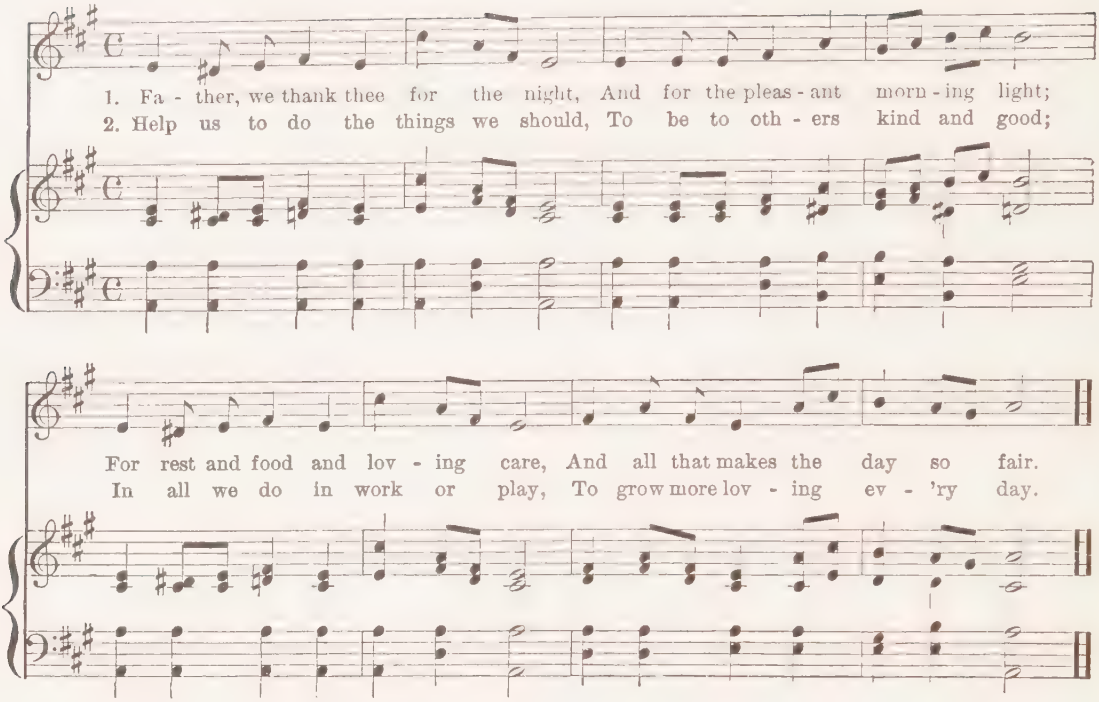
1 FATHER IN HEAVEN

Adapted from KUHLAU

1. Fa - ther in heav - en, bless thy lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - ered be -
2. Fa - ther in heav - en, help thy lit - tle chil - dren To please thee
fore thee on this thy ho - ly day. For the morn - ing sun - shine,
ev - er . . in their work and play; Help them to be truth - ful,
for the day we thank thee, Oh, Sun of Love, shine, shine in our hearts, we pray!
gen - tle, kind and lov - ing, To be like Je - sus, and fol - low him al - way.

2 MORNING HYMN

REBECCA J. WESTON — D. BATCHELLOR


1. Fa - ther, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleas - ant morn - ing light;
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth - ers kind and good;
For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
In all we do in work or play, To grow more lov - ing ev - 'ry day.

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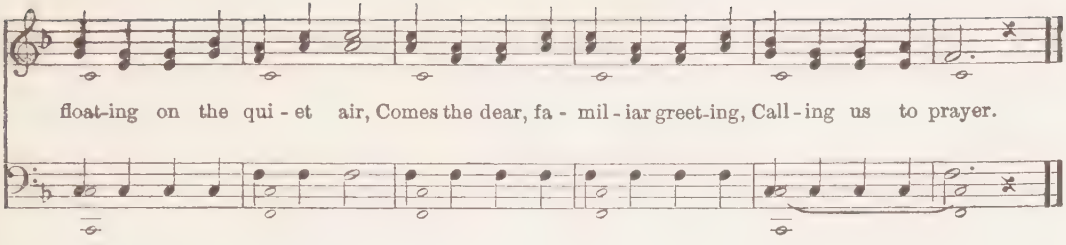
3 SABBATH MORNING BELLS

MRS. C. G. GOODWIN — BRADBURY'S "Golden Shower," 1862

Ho - ly Sab - bath, hap - py morn-ing, Joy - ful - ly the bells we hear, Sweet-ly call - ing,
gen - tly call - ing Us to praise and prayer. Sweet - ly sounding thro' each street, And



4 THY KINGDOM COME

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL — ALBERTO RANDEGGER

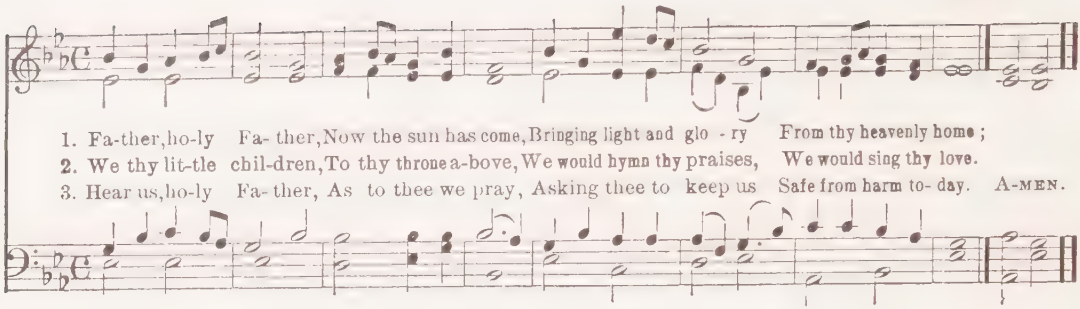
1. God of heav - en, hear our sing - ing; On - ly lit - tle ones are we, Yet a
2. Let thy king - dom come, we pray thee, Let the world in thee find rest, Let all
great pe - ti - tion bring - ing, Fa - ther, now we come to thee.
know thee and o - bey thee, Lov - ing, pray - ing, bless - ing, blessed. A - MEN.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

4 Father, send the glorious hour,
Every heart be thine alone;
For the kingdom and the power,
And the glory are thine own.

5 MORNING PRAISE

M. A. S.


1. Fa-ther, ho-ly Fa- ther, Now the sun has come, Bringing light and glo - ry From thy heavenly home ;
2. We thy lit-tle chil-dren, To thy throne a-bove, We would hymn thy praises, We would sing thy love.
3. Hear us, ho-ly Fa- ther, As to thee we pray, Asking thee to keep us Safe from harm to- day. A-MEN.

6 PRAISE HIM, PRAISE HIM

Arranged by G. W. C.

1. Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love ;
2. Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love ;
3. Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love ;
4. Serve Him, serve Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love ;
Praise Him, praise Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love.
Love Him, love Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love.
Serve Him, serve Him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren, He is love, He is love.

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7 SUMMER PRAISE

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto
1. All things beau - ti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balm - y air,
2. Ev - ery tree and flower we pass, Ev - ery tuft of wav - ing grass,
3. Lit - tle streams that glide a - long, Ver - dant, moss - y banks a - mong,
poco rit.
Sun - ny field and shad - y grove, Gent - ly whis - per, "God is love."
Ev - ery leaf and open - ing bud Seem to tell us "God is good."
Shadow-ing forth the clouds a - bove, Soft - ly mur - mur, "God is love."
poco rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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8 THIS IS GOD'S HOUSE

L. M. OGELVEE

W. G. OGELVEE

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THE CHURCH

ALICE C. D. RILEY

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

1. The qui - et Sab - bath morn is here, And peal - ing forth so
2. As to the church we take our way, The bells' deep voi - ces
loud and clear, The chimes of church bell reach the ear. Ding! Dong! Ding!
seem to say, Come wor - ship God this ho - ly day. Ding! Dong! Ding!
3. The qui - et church is hushed in prayer, We bow the head while wait - ing there, And
soft - ly falls the gold - en light Thro' arch - ing win - dows high and bright.

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A PRAYER FOR EACH SEASON

SARA E. WILTSE

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andantino

SPRING. Hear us thank thee, kind - est Friend, For the spring-time thou dost send,
SUMMER. Kind - est Friend, we thank thee now, While our heads we low - ly bow,
AUTUMN. Friend so gen - tle, kind and dear, Lis - ten to thy chil - dren here,
WINTER. Lov - ing Friend, oh, hear our prayer! Take in - to thy ten - der care
For the warm sun - shine and rain, For the birds that sing a - gain,
For the sum - mer sun and shower, For each bright and smil - ing flower, For
While they thank thee for thy love Shown in stars that shine a - bove,
All the leaves and flowers that sleep In their white beds cov - ered deep.
For the sky so clear and blue, { For our kin - der - gar - ten too, } —Hear us thank thee.
{ For this hap - py Sun - day too, }
grass so green and cloud so white, For ro - sy morn and dew - y night,— Hear us thank thee.
Shown in frost, in cloud o'er-head, Shown in leaves of gold and red,— Hear us thank thee.
Shel - ter from the win-try storm All thy snow - birds: keep them warm,— Hear our pray - er.

Words used by permission, from Sara E. Wiltse's "Stories for Kindergartens and Primary Schools," Ginn & Company, Publishers

THE FATHER'S CARE

Rev. Charles I. Junkin

Grace Wilbur Conant

Andantino

1. In the trees the birds are sing - ing, in the moun-tains and the glens, By the
2. All the mead - ows bloom with dai - sies and with dan - de - li - ons bold, And the
Ped. Ped. Ped. ✱ Ped. simile
riv - ers and the brooks and by the sea; . . But there's food for all the rob - ins and the
clo - ver blos-soms cov - er all the lea; . . But there's cloth-ing for the li - lies and the
ti - ny lit - tle wrens, And there's bread in His hand for me. . .
but - ter - cups of gold, And there's rai - ment in His hand for me. . .

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3 And the clouds of trouble gather, and the stormy wind is heard,
And the angry tempest rages wild and free;
But there's shelter for the sparrow and the little humming-bird,
And there's safety in His arms for me.

4 And the world is full of children, oh, so many and so fair!
Like the sunbeams as they sparkle on the sea;
But there's room for all the children in the Father's tender care,
And there's room in his heart for me.

HE CARES FOR ME

"Norse Lullaby"

1. How strong and sweet my Fa - ther's care, That round a - bout me,
2. Oh, keep me ev - er in . . thy love, Dear Fa - ther, watch - ing
like the air, Is with me al - ways, ev - ery - where, Is
from a - bove, And let me still thy mer - cy prove, And
with me al - ways, ev - ery - where! He cares for me.
let me still thy mer - cy prove, And care for me.

BABY MOSES

FLORENCE HOATSON

HERMANN VON MÜLLER

SOLO, OR SELECTED VOICES

1. Who will take lit - tle ba - by?
2. Who will hide lit - tle ba - by?
3. Who will watch o'er the ba - by?
4. Who will guard lit - tle ba - by,

Smoothly

pp

ALL

"I," said the wa - ter deep. . . "Ba - by will float in his cra - dle boat
"We," said the rush - es tall. . . . "Safe - ly we'll hide the . ba - by in - side,
Mir - i - am whis - pers, "I." . . . "I'm sure to hear if the ba - by dear
Out on the wa - ters blue? . . Si - lent - ly sleep, ba - by, safe - ly sleep,

D.S. for vs. 2, 3, 4 *After last verse only*

And I . . shall rock him to sleep." . .
That no - bo - dy sees him at all." . . .
Gives e - ven a ti - ny, soft cry." . . .
For God will take care . of you. . . .

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THE EXTRA PRAYER

ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

With simplicity and not too fast
p
Some-times I say an ex - tra prayer, Be -
mp
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.
sides the one for which I kneel. I stand and look up at the stars, And tell our Fa-ther how I
Ped.
poco accel.
cres.
f
feel. I do not ask for an - y-thing; I just feel hap-py thro' and thro'. I let my heart give
poco accel.
cres.
f
Ped.
poco rit.
thanks and sing, Till all the world seems good and true.
poco rit.
mp a tempo

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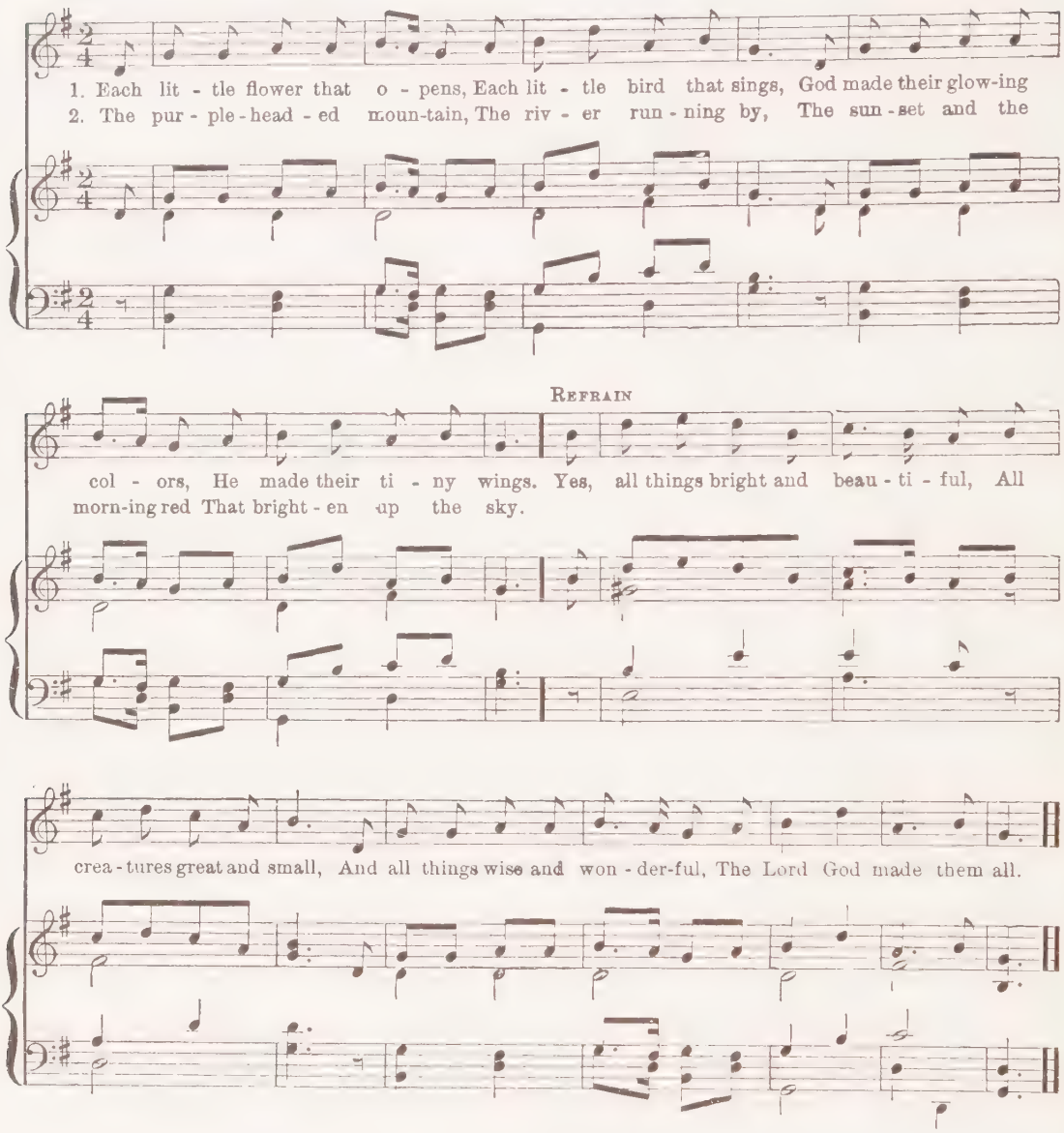
ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER — Adapted from a Danish Folk-song


1. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, God made their glow-ing
2. The pur - ple - head - ed moun-tain, The riv - er run - ning by, The sun - set and the
REFRAIN
col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings. Yes, all things bright and beau - ti - ful, All
morn-ing red That bright - en up the sky.
crea - tures great and small, And all things wise and won - der-ful, The Lord God made them all.

3 The cold winds in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
The goodness of the Father,
Who doeth all things well.

LITTLE LAMB, WHO MADE THEE

WILLIAM BLAKE

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Not too slowly

Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life, and
Ped.
bid thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light,
Ped. simile
Soft - est cloth - ing, wool - ly, bright; Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak-ing all the
poco rit.
vales re - joice; Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
poco rit.

17 JESUS BIDS US SHINE

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

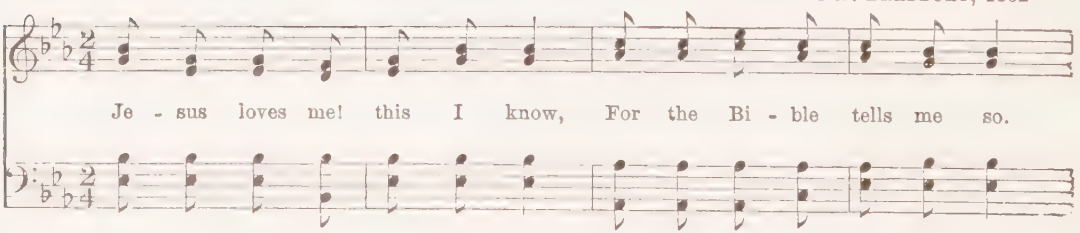
1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine First of all for him; Well he sees and
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In the world is dark - ness,
knows it If our light grows dim. He looks down from heav - en
So we must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
To see us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

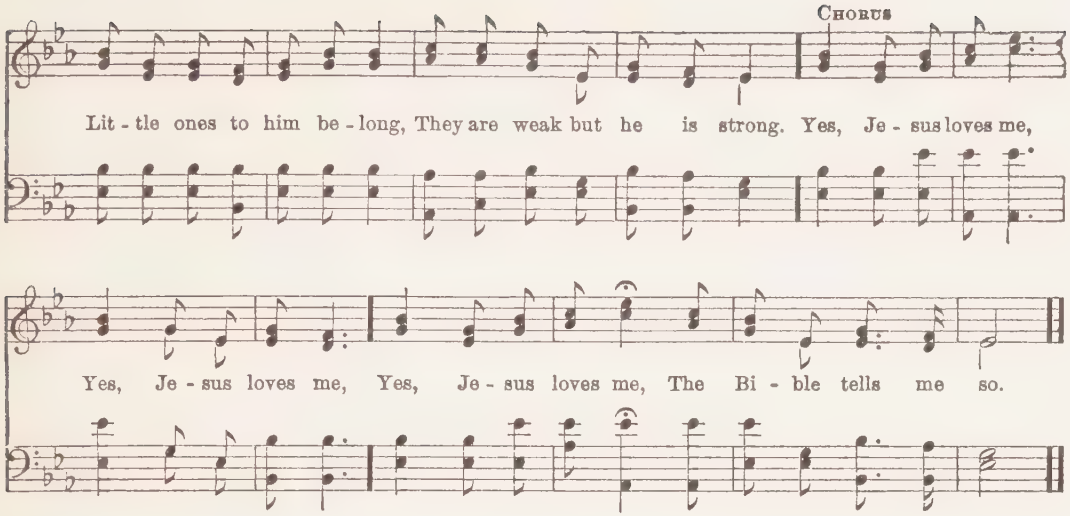
3 Jesus bids us shine
Then, for all around;
For many kinds of darkness,
In the world are found,—
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

18 JESUS LOVES ME

ANNA WARNER

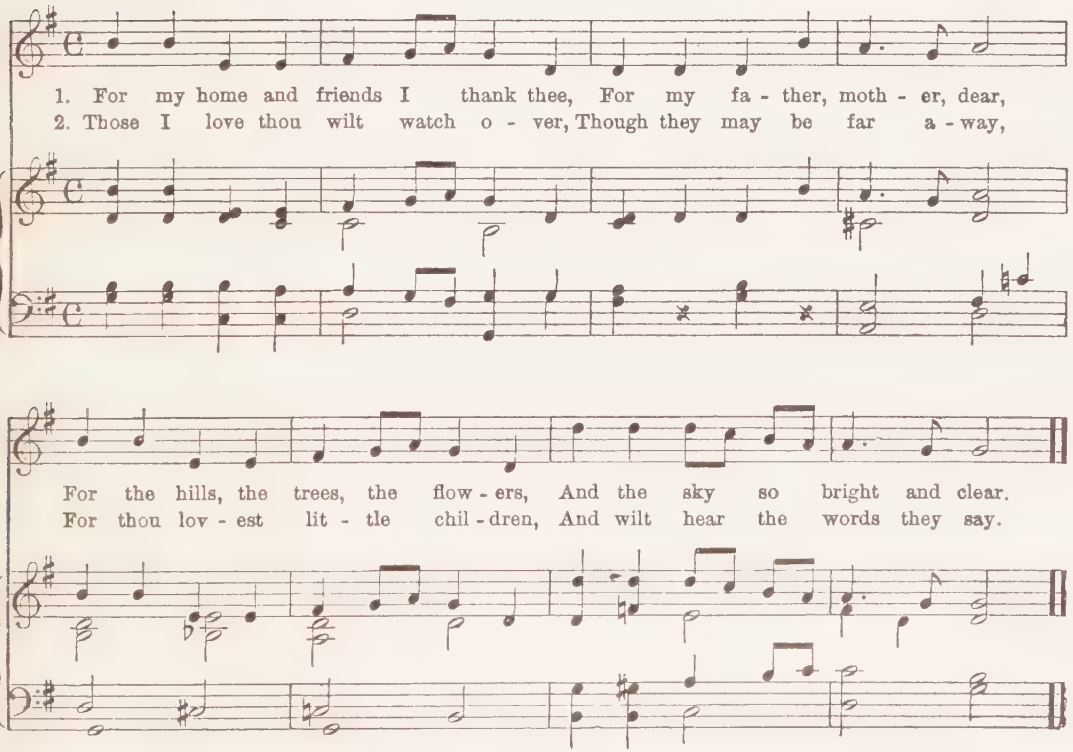
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1862




Chorus
Lit - tle ones to him be - long, They are weak but he is strong. Yes, Je - sus loves me,
Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

19 HYMN OF THANKS

Myles B. Foster


1. For my home and friends I thank thee, For my fa - ther, moth - er, dear,
2. Those I love thou wilt watch o - ver, Though they may be far a - way,
For the hills, the trees, the flow - ers, And the sky so bright and clear.
For thou lov - est lit - tle chil - dren, And wilt hear the words they say.

THE MASTER HAS COME OVER JORDAN

JULIA GILL

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1864

1. "The Mas - ter has come o - ver Jor - dan," Said Han-nah, the moth - er, one
2. The fa - ther then looked at her kind - ly, And said, as he ten - der - ly
Con Pedale
day. . . "He is heal - ing the peo - ple who throng him With a
smiled, . "Now who but a fond, lov - ing moth - er Would
touch of his fin - ger, they say. . . And now I shall car - ry the
think of a pro - ject so wild? . . If the chil - dren were tor - tured by
chil - dren, Lit - tle Ra - chel and Sam - uel and John, . . And
de - mons, Or dy - ing with fe - ver, 'twere well; . . Or

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3 "Nay, nay, do not hinder me, Nathan,
I feel such a burden of care;
And if to the Master I tell it,
That burden he'll help me to bear.
If he lay but his hands on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them each as they go."

4 So over the mountains of Judah,
Along with the vines all so green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,
With the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch or his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees hastening,
She pressed to the feet of her Lord.

5 "Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Thou knowst how from morn until evening
He is teaching, and healing disease."
Said Jesus, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me!"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee.

6 The care-stricken heart of the mother
Was lifted all sorrow above,
His hands kindly laid on the children,
He blest them with holiest love;
And said of the babes on his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

21 LORD, WHO LOVEST LITTLE CHILDREN

M. R. Adapted from NOVELLO

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2 Thou who lived a holy child life,
Help us to be pure like thee.

3 In our school-time and our playing,
Make us gentle, Lord, like thee.

4 Thou didst live thy life for others,
Make us helpful, Lord, like thee.

5 Thou on earth wast ever loving,
Make us ever more like thee.

22 SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US

DOROTHY A. THRUPP

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1859

1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need thy ten - der care;
2. We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the guar-dian of our way;
In thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use thy folds pre - pare:
Keep thy flock; from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are,
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear thy chil - dren when they pray,
Ped.
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bless - ed Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, Hear thy chil - dren when they pray.
Ped.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Early let us turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

23 THERE IS A SHEPHERD BEAUTIFUL

WALTER J. MATHAMS WILLIAM W. SLEEPER

1. There is a Shep - herd Beau - ti - ful Whose love will nev - er sleep,
2. He leads his flock from break of day, And shows them where to go,
3. He loves the lit - tle lambs so much That you may oft - en see
4. Who is this Shep - herd Beau - ti - ful Whose love will nev - er sleep?
While there is need to watch and guard The lit - tle lambs and sheep. His
And when the sheep are wea - ry, He walk - eth ver - y slow. He
A ti - ny lamb - kin on his breast,— Oh, hap - py place to be! He
Who is he that can care so much For lit - tle lambs and sheep? Be
eyes are like the stars of God That shine down through the night.
leads them in - to mead - ows green, And feeds them with the best,
would not lose a sin - gle lamb For gold and gems un - told.
still and I will whis - per now The se - cret in a word:—
He sees the wolves and puts them all Quick to flight.
And by a qui - et sil - ver stream Stops to rest.
His heart would break if one he missed From the fold.
This is the Shep - herd Beau - ti - ful, Christ our Lord.

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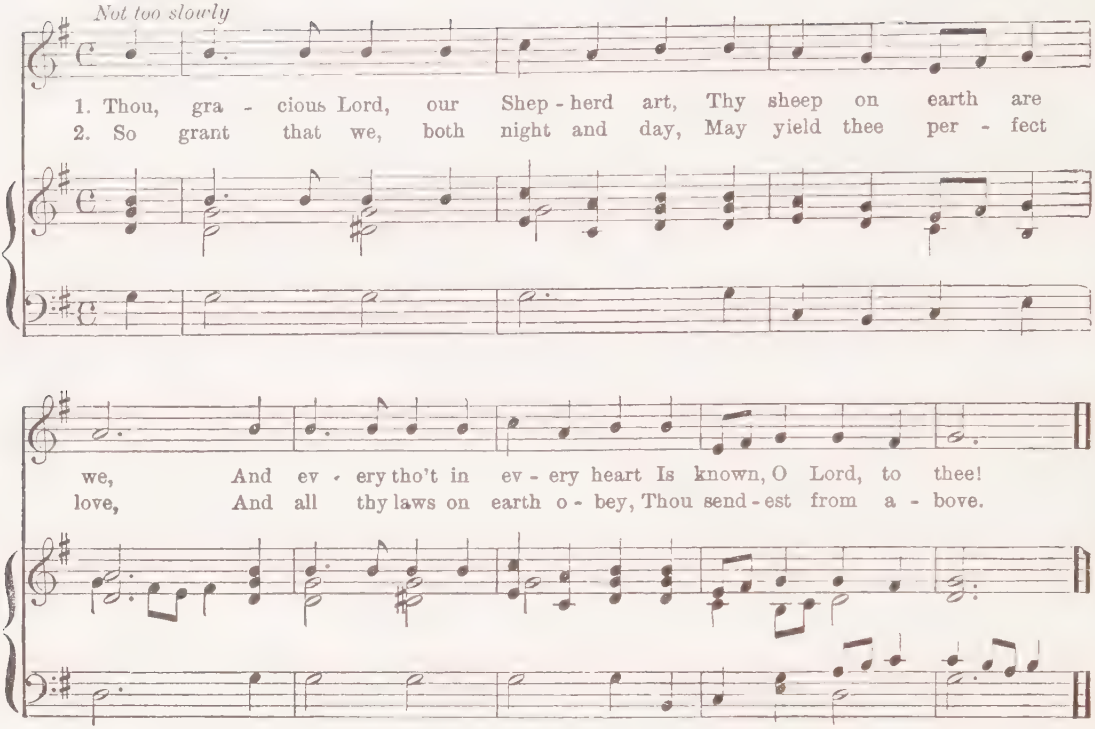
24 OUR SHEPHERD

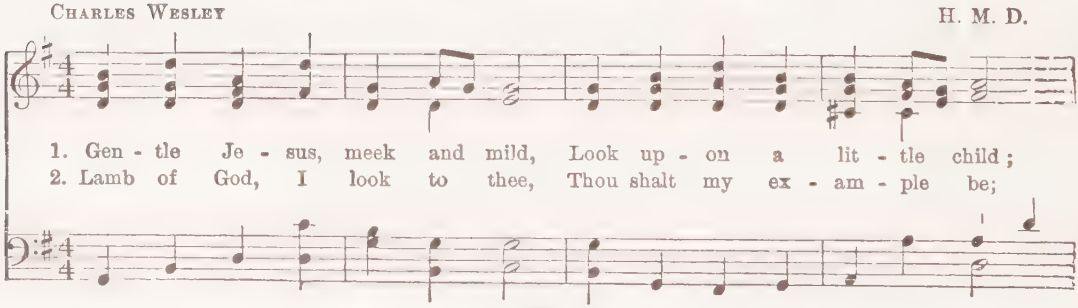
E. Oxenford — *Not too slowly* — J. Stainer


1. Thou, gra - cious Lord, our Shep - herd art, Thy sheep on earth are
2. So grant that we, both night and day, May yield thee per - fect
we, And ev - ery tho't in ev - ery heart Is known, O Lord, to thee!
love, And all thy laws on earth o - bey, Thou send - est from a - bove.

3 Thou, gracious Lord, our Shepherd art,
Thy children here behold,
And show the way, when we would stray,
All safely to the fold.

25 GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD

Charles Wesley — H. M. D.



3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

4 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

26 LOVE'S LESSON

JANE E. LEESON — Air by ALBERTO RANDEGGER

1. Sav - iour, teach me day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I move;
Sweet - er les - son can - not be, . . Lov - ing him who first loved me. . .
Prompt to serve and fol - low thee, . Lov - ing him who first loved me. . . .

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

27 THE GOLDEN RULE

Rev. S. C. Beach — Arthur W. Thayer

"As ye would oth - ers should to you, So," Je - sus said, "to oth - ers do." What
do I like when one I meet, At home, or school, in house or street? I
like a smile on lips to play, As morn - ing sun - light on the day; I
like a kind - ly word to hear, To glad my heart and give me cheer.

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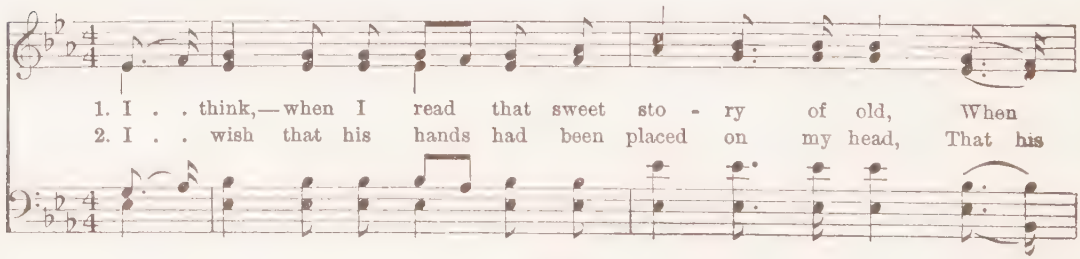
28 I THINK WHEN I READ

Jemima Thompson Luke



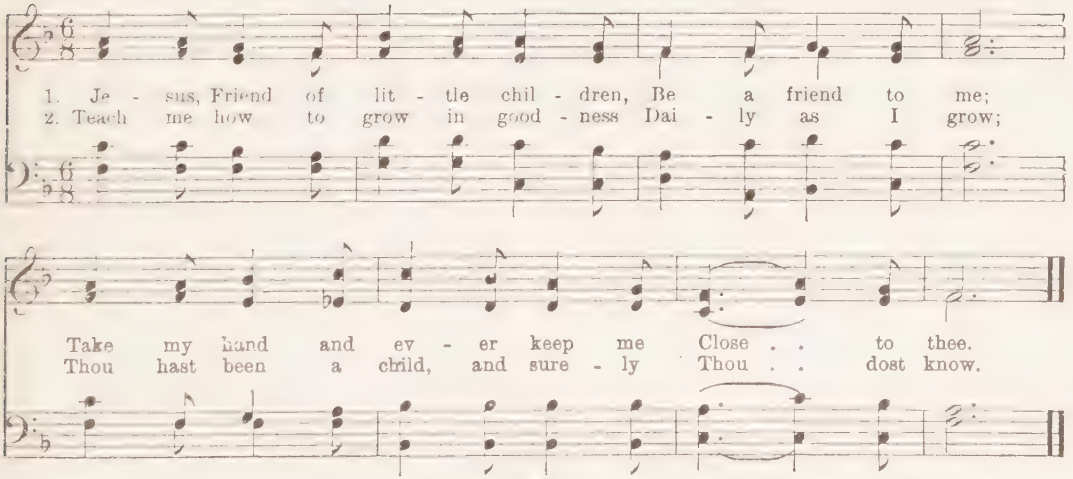
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as
arm had been thrown a - round me; And that I might have seen his kind
lambs to his fold,— I should like to have been with them then;
look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me!"

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And, if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

29 JESUS, FRIEND OF LITTLE CHILDREN

Rev. WALTER J. MATHAMS — Adapted from J. H. MAUNDER


1. Je - sus, Friend of lit - tle chil - dren, Be a friend to me;
2. Teach me how to grow in good - ness Dai - ly as I grow;
Take my hand and ev - er keep me Close . . to thee.
Thou hast been a child, and sure - ly Thou . . dost know.

I CANNOT DO GREAT THINGS

Adapted from A. BILLETER

1. I can - not do great things for him Who did so much for me, But
2. There are small things in dai - ly life, In which I may o - bey, And
I should like to show my love, Dear Je - sus, un - to thee;
thus may show my love to thee, And al - ways, ev - ery day,
Faith - ful in ver - y lit - tle things, O Sav - iour, may I be!
There are some lit - tle, lov - ing words Which I for thee may say.

3 So I ask thee to give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with thee,
And ever do thy will;
That in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

31 GOD, MAKE MY LIFE A LITTLE LIGHT

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow; A
2. God, make my life a lit - tle flower, That giv - eth joy to all; Con -
lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright, A lit - tle flame that burn - eth bright Wher -
tent to bloom in na - tive bower, Con - tent to bloom in na - tive bower, Al -
poco rit.
ev - er I may go. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow.
though the place be small. God, make my life a lit - tle flower, That giv - eth joy to all.
poco rit.

3 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4 God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest;
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

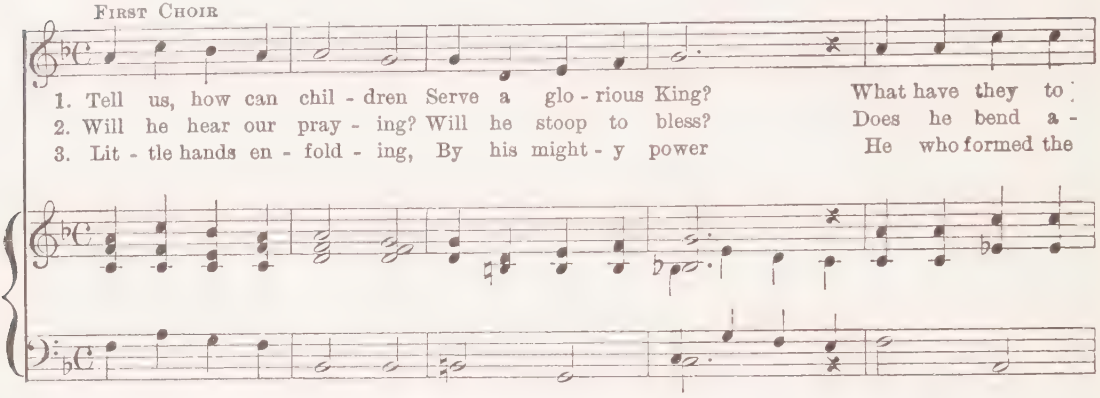
THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE

(May be used antiphonally. Teachers or other adults may constitute the second choir, if desired, and sing parts in the refrain.)

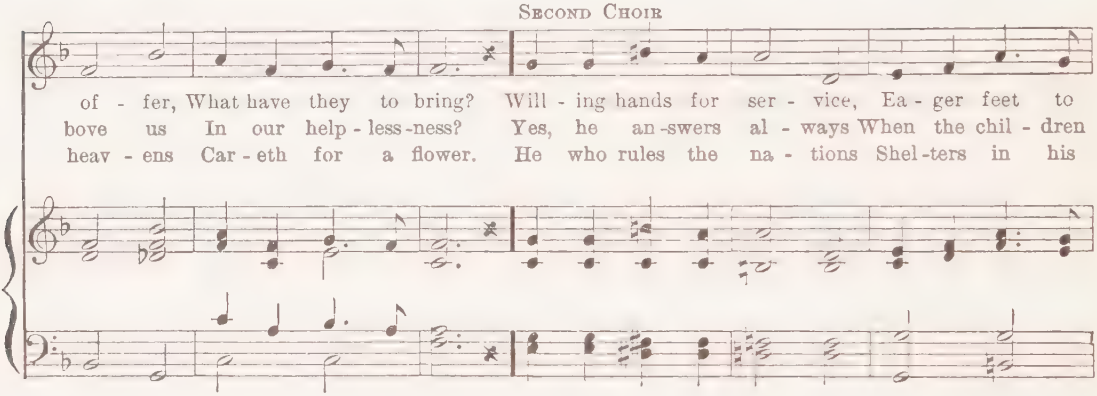
GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

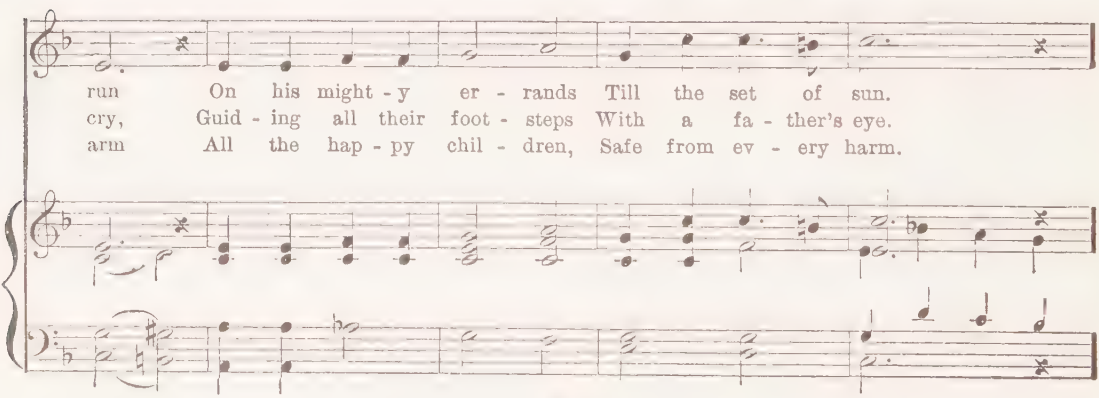
E. S. HOSMER

FIRST CHOIR

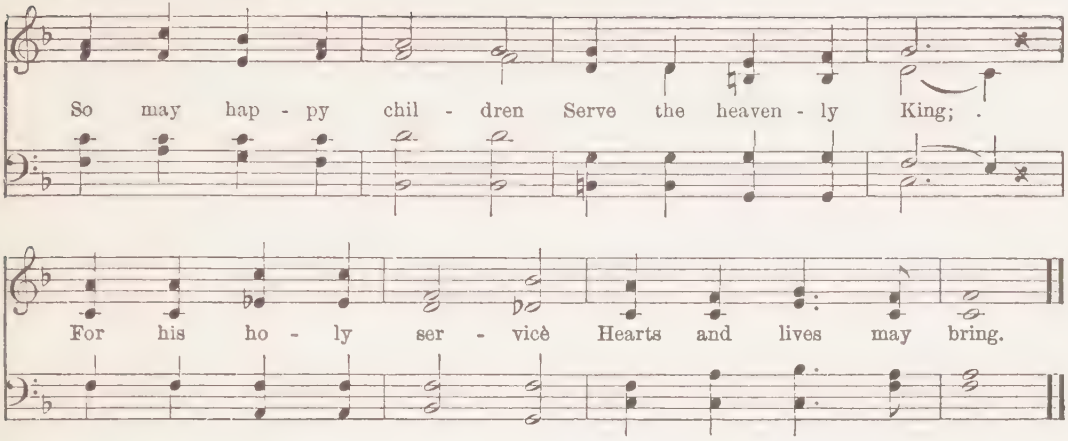

1. Tell us, how can chil - dren Serve a glo - rious King? What have they to
2. Will he hear our pray - ing? Will he stoop to bless? Does he bend a -
3. Lit - tle hands en - fold - ing, By his might - y power He who formed the

SECOND CHOIR


of - fer, What have they to bring? Will - ing hands for ser - vice, Ea - ger feet to
bove us In our help - less - ness? Yes, he an - swers al - ways When the chil - dren
heav - ens Car - eth for a flower. He who rules the na - tions Shel - ters in his


run On his might - y er - rands Till the set of sun.
cry, Guid - ing all their foot - steps With a fa - ther's eye.
arm All the hap - py chil - dren, Safe from ev - ery harm.

REFRAIN: BOTH CHOIRS



33 DAILY BREAD

PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Cheerily

1. The mer - ry bee a - bove the bloom Is sip - ping hon - ey sweet for you. The
2. The dai - ry - maid is at the churn, As you are wak - ing from your bed. The
3. And though you are a lit - tle child, What is your part, I'm sure you guess—To
poco rit.
cow that feeds up - on the hill Is find - ing milk in grass and dew.
farm - er sows that you may eat; The mill - wheel turns to make you bread.
smile at sun and sky and bloom, And eat your bread in thank - ful - ness.
poco rit.

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ONE LITTLE STAR

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Gascon Carol

Allegretto

1. One lit - tle star in the star - ry night, One lit - tle
2. One lit - tle flower in the flow - er - ful spring, . One lit - tle
beam in the noon - day . . light, One lit - tle drop in the
feath - er in one lit - tle wing, One lit - tle note when the
riv - er's might, What can they do, . . oh, what can they do?
man - y birds sing, All are so lit - tle, fee - ble and few.

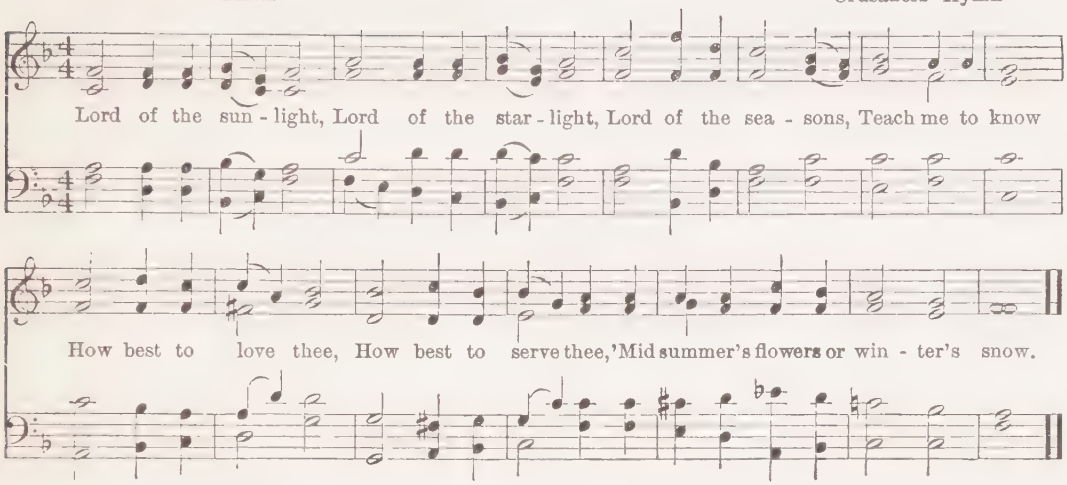
3 Each little star has its special ray,
Each little beam has its place in the day,
Each little river drop impulse and sway;
Feather and flower and songlet help too.

4 Each little child can some love-work find,
Each little hand and each little mind,
All can be gentle and useful and kind,
Though they are little, like me and like you.

35 LORD OF THE SUNLIGHT

Adapted from words by
ISABELLA HOWE FISKE

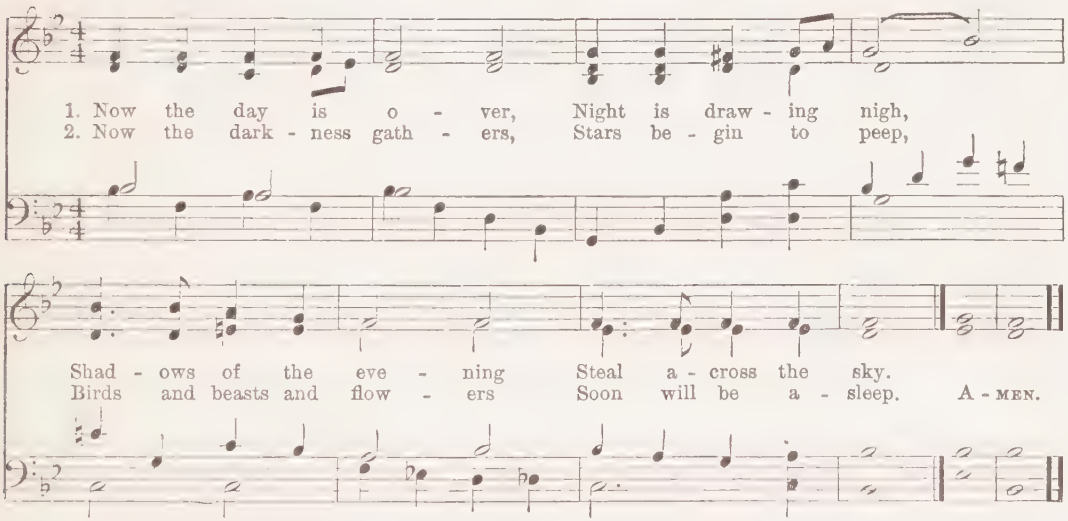
"Crusaders' Hymn"


Lord of the sun - light, Lord of the star - light, Lord of the sea - sons, Teach me to know
How best to love thee, How best to serve thee, 'Mid summer's flowers or win - ter's snow.

36 EVENING HYMN

SABINE BARING-GOULD

JOSEPH BARNBY


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep. A - MEN.

3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

37 WHEN MY EVENING PRAYER IS SPOKEN

SARAH WILSON — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

1. When my eve - ning prayer is spo - ken, Moth - er takes the light,
2. Lit - tle lambs are calm - ly sleep - ing 'Neath the o - pen sky;
And the dark - ness lies un - bro - ken Round my pil - low white;
In the shep - herd's watch - ful keep - ing, Safe and warm they lie.
Yet no i - dle fears a - larm me; What can harm me All the night?
Great Good Shep - herd, thou art near me; Thou wilt hear me When I cry.

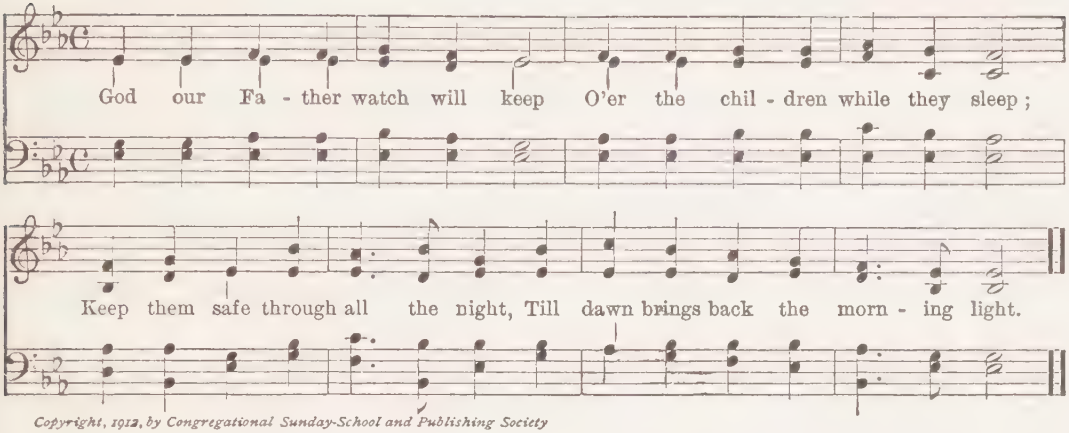
38 CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

MRS. MARY L. DUNCAN — GEORGE LYDIATT

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day thy hand hath led me, And I thank thee for thy care;
Through the dark - ness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer.

39 GOD OUR FATHER WATCH WILL KEEP

GRACE WILBUR CONANT


God our Fa - ther watch will keep O'er the chil - dren while they sleep;
Keep them safe through all the night, Till dawn brings back the morn - ing light.

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40 NIGHT AND DAY

MARY MAPES DODGE

MABEL D. CREUTZ

1. When I run a - bout all day, When I
2. When I'm dream - ing in the dark, When I
3. Need I ev - - er know a fear? Night and
Con Pedale
kneel at night to pray, God sees, God sees.
lie a - wake and hark, God sees, God sees.
day my Fa - ther's near: God sees, God sees.

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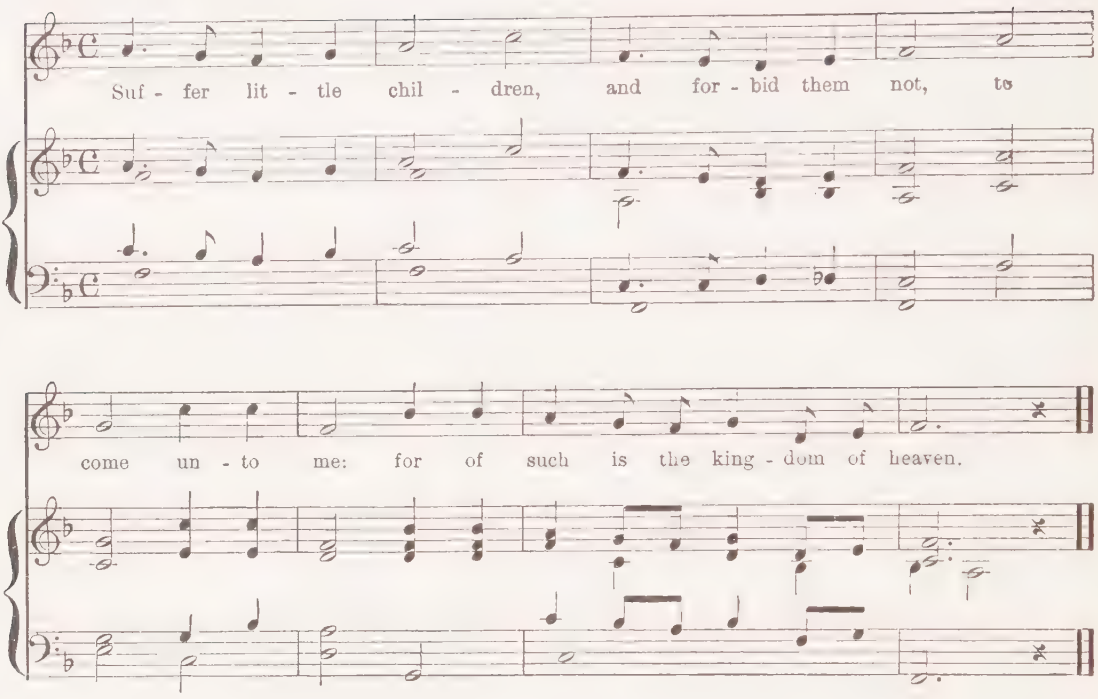
VERSE SONGS

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

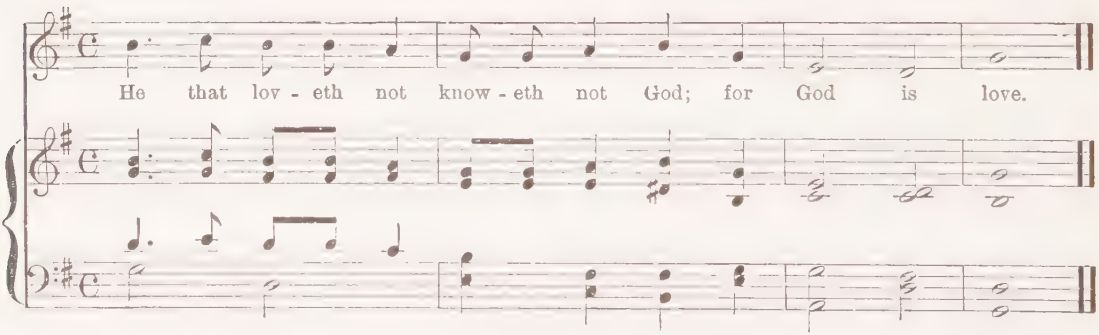
41

Matthew 19 : 14



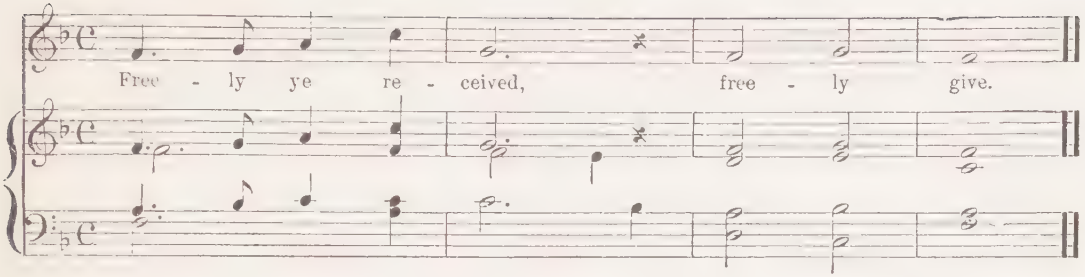
42

I John 4 : 8



43

Matthew 10: 8

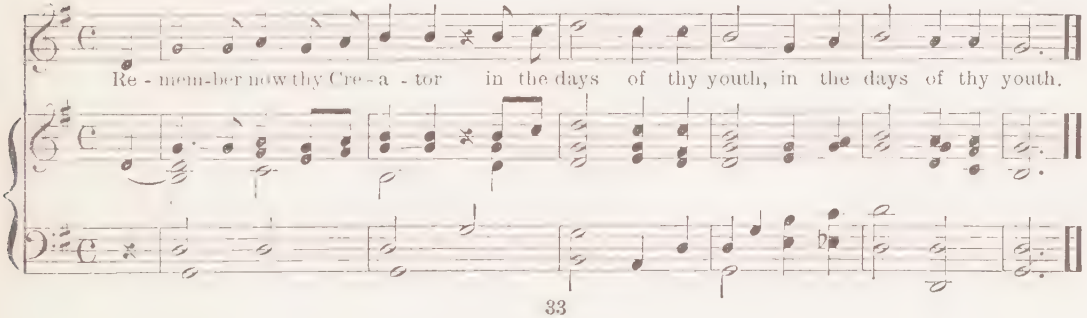


44

Ephesians 4: 32

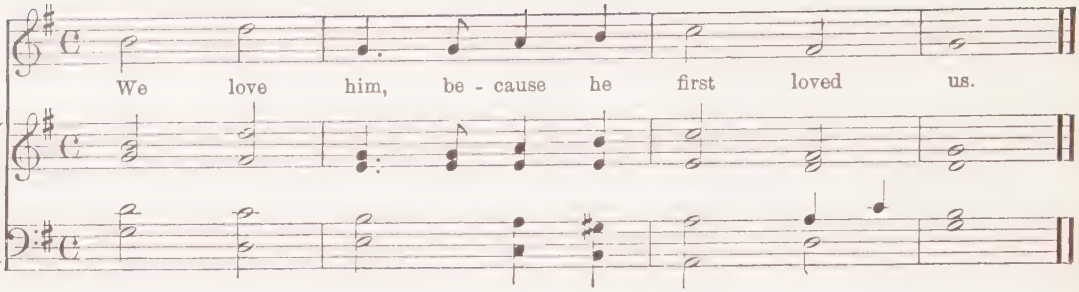
45

Ecclesiastes 12: 1



46

I John 4 : 19



47

Matthew 5 : 8, 7, 9

1. Bless - ed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.
2. Bless - ed are the mer - ci - ful : for they shall ob - tain mer - cy.
3. Bless - ed are the peace - mak - ers : for they shall be called the
chil - dren of God, the chil - - dren of God.

48

Matthew 5 : 45
Psalm 147 : 16, 18

49

I John 4 : 8, 11

50

Psalm 56 : 3

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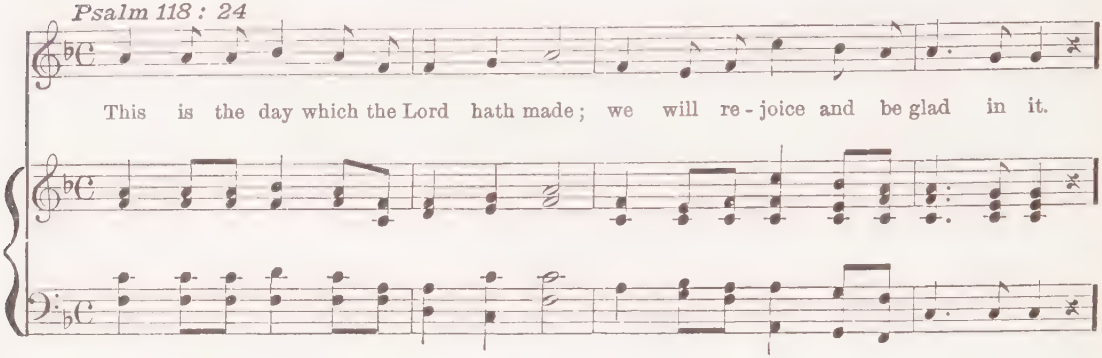
51 A CHORUS OF PRAISE

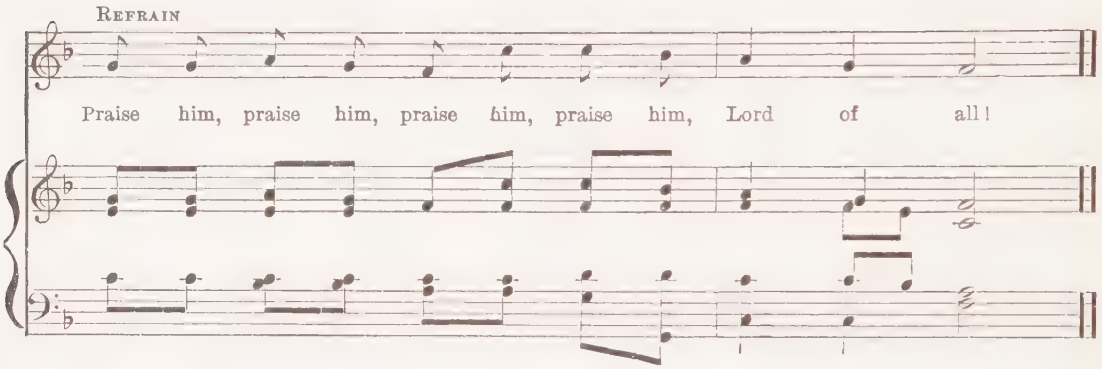
(The verses may be sung separately with the refrain, or several in succession with the refrain after each one; or, if preferred, the verses may be spoken, and only the refrain sung, as a response.)

1

Psalm 118 : 24

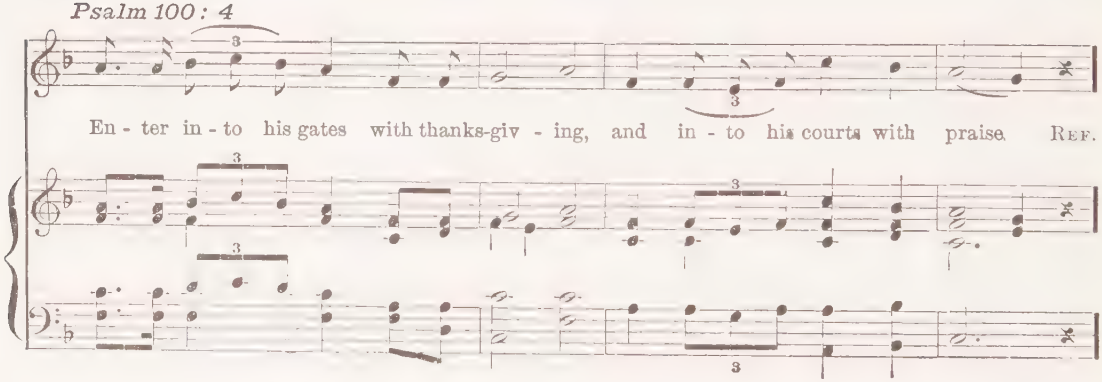


REFRAIN



2

Psalm 100 : 4



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3

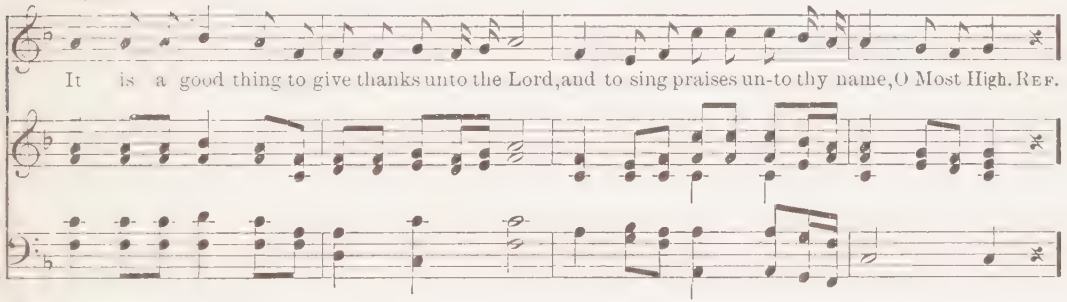
Psalm 126 : 3

4

Psalm 107 : 1

5

Psalm 92 : 1



6

Psalm 86 : 12

52

CAN A LITTLE CHILD LIKE ME

(THANKSGIVING)

MARY MAPES DODGE — W. K. BASSFORD

1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee,
3. For our com - rades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days,
Yes, oh, yes, be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;
For the earth in beau - ty dressed, Fa - ther, moth - er and the rest,
For the joy - ful work and true That a lit - tle child may do,
Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart,
For thy pre - cious, lov - ing care, For thy boun - ty ev - ery-where,
For our lives but just be - gun, For the great gift of thy Son,
REFRAIN
Fa - ther, we thank thee, Fa - ther, we thank thee, Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank thee.

From "Laudes Domini for the Sunday-School," by permission of The Century Company, Publishers

HARVEST SONG

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

Scotch Air

Not too slowly

1. Pump - kins are heaped in piles, Big and round and yel - low;
2. Squir - rels their plans have laid, For the win - ter weath - er.
3. Fa - ther of child and bee, For us ev - er car - ing,

Ap - ples are stored a - way, Ro - sy-cheeked and mel - low; Oats and bar - ley
Brown nuts are packed a - way, Ly - ing snug to - geth - er. Through the sun - ny
Squir - rel and small - est bird In thy boun - ty shar - ing; Hear us sing our

Ped. *Ped.*

fill each bin, Corn and wheat are gath - ered in, Fra - grance of
sum - mer hours Bees were steal - ing sweets from flowers. Now they need
har - vest song, Of thy love the whole year long. Fa - ther of

Ped. simile

new-mown hay Through the wide barn pass - es,— Scent of sum - mer grass - es.
have no fear, With their gold - en treas - ure,— Hon - ey with - out meas - ure.
child and bee, We our thanks are bring - ing,— Lis - ten to our sing - ing.

THE CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING HYMN

NANCY BYRD TURNER

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

mf
cres.
sem - - pre
1. For this good year of ours, Its sun-light and its rain, Its wind and stars and
2. All through our hap-py play-time Thy blue skies bend o'er-head; Be-tween the dark and
mf
cres.
sem - pre
cres.
f
flowers, Red fruit and yel-low grain; For all the joys of liv-ing, Of work and rest and
day-time Thy night surrounds our bed. Thou hast gone on be-fore us And led us all a-
cres.
f
poco rit.
play, We chant Thee our thanks-giv-ing On this Thanks-giv-ing Day.
long, So lift we grate-ful cho-rus—Dear Lord, re-ceive our song!
poco rit.

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THE BLESSED DAY

(CHRISTMAS)

MARY MAPES DODGE

Air adapted from
"La Méthode Chorale Enfantine"

Animato
1. What shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, on Christ-mas Day, on Christ - mas Day?
2. What shall lit - tle chil - dren sing, on Christ-mas Day, on Christ - mas Day?
Con Pedale
What shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, on Christ-mas Day in the morn - ing?
What shall lit - tle chil - dren sing, on Christ-mas Day in the morn - ing? The
This shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, Love and joy to Christ their King,
grand old car - ols shall they sing, With all their hearts their of - ferings bring, The
This shall lit - tle chil - dren bring, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.
grand old car - ols shall they sing, On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing.

Words used by permission.

CHRISTMAS SONG

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

cra - dle bright. There a dar - ling ba - by lay Pil - lowed soft up -
mf sostenuto
on the hay, And his moth - er sang and smiled:
Ped.
Ped.
marcato e poco rit.
a tempo
"This is Christ, the ho - ly Child." There - fore bells for Christ-mas ring;
marcato e poco rit.
a tempo
Ped.
poco rit.
There - fore lit - tle chil - dren sing, There - fore lit - tle chil - dren sing.
poco rit.

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57 CAROL, CHILDREN, CAROL

Refrain. 1. Car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, . . Car - ol the good
2. At the mer - ry ta - ble, Think of those who've none, The or - phan and the
Fine
tid - ings, Car - ol mer - ri - ly. And pray a glad - some Christ - mas For
wid - ow, Hun - gry and a - lone. Oh, boun - ti - ful the of - f'rings You
all your fel - low - men. Car - ol, chil - dren, car - ol, Christ-mas day a - gain.
to the al - tar bring; For the poor and need - y Christ-mas car - ols sing. Refrain.

58 SILENT NIGHT

Words from the German — German Air

1. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! All is calm, all is bright,
2. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light!
3. Si - lent night! ho - li - est night! Won - drous Star, lend thy light!
Round the gen - tle moth-er and child, Ho - ly in - fant ten - der and mild,
See the east - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
With the an - gels let us sing Hal - le - lu - jah to our King!

Rests in heav'n - ly peace, Rests in heav'n - ly peace.
Je - sus Christ is here, Je - sus Christ is here.
Je - sus Christ is here, Je - sus Christ is here.

59 WHAT CAN I GIVE HIM

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI — Adapted from a Danish Folk-song

What can I give Him, Poor as I am?
If I were a shep-herd, I would bring a lamb; If I were a wise man,
I would do my part,— Yet what can I give Him? Give my heart.

THE CHRISTMAS MANGER HYMN

MARTIN LUTHER

Air by J. E. SPILMAN

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a -
Con Pedale
bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down his sweet
wakes, But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing he
head. The stars in the sky . . looked down where he
makes. I love thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the
lay— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
sky, And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.

THE CHRISTMAS MANGER HYMN

MARTIN LUTHER

(SECOND TUNE) Adapted from an ancient French Noël

Moderato

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the ba - by a -
bed, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down his sweet
wakes, But lit - tle Lord Je - sus, no cry - ing he
head. The stars in the sky . . looked down where he
makes. I love thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the
lay— The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
sky, And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh.

61 WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS

NAHUM TATE

Adapted from KÜCKEN

Allegretto con spirito
1. While shep - herds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
2. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born, of Da - vid's line, The
3. Thus spoke the ser - aph, and forth-with Ap - peared a shin - ing throng Of
mf
Con Pedale
an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he, for
Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign:—The heaven-ly babe you
an - gels, prais - ing God, who thus Ad-dressed their cheer-ful song:—"All glo - ry be to
p
p
cres.
might - y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind;"Glad tid - ings of great joy I bring To
there shall find, To hu - man view dis-played, All mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing bands, And
God on high, And to the earth be peace; Good - will hence-forth from heaven to men, Be -
cres.

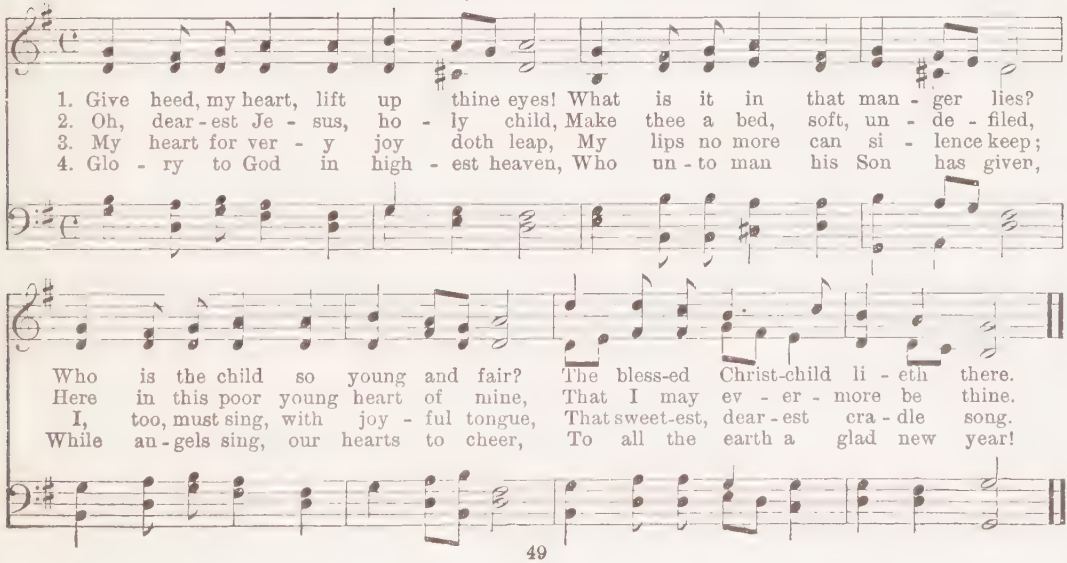
rit.
Refrain a tempo f
you and all man - kind. All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be
in a man - ger laid."
gin, and nev - er cease."
rit.
a tempo f
poco rit.
peace; Good will hence-forth from heaven to men Be - gin and nev - er cease."
poco rit.

62 MARTIN LUTHER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

Written for his little son Hans, 1535

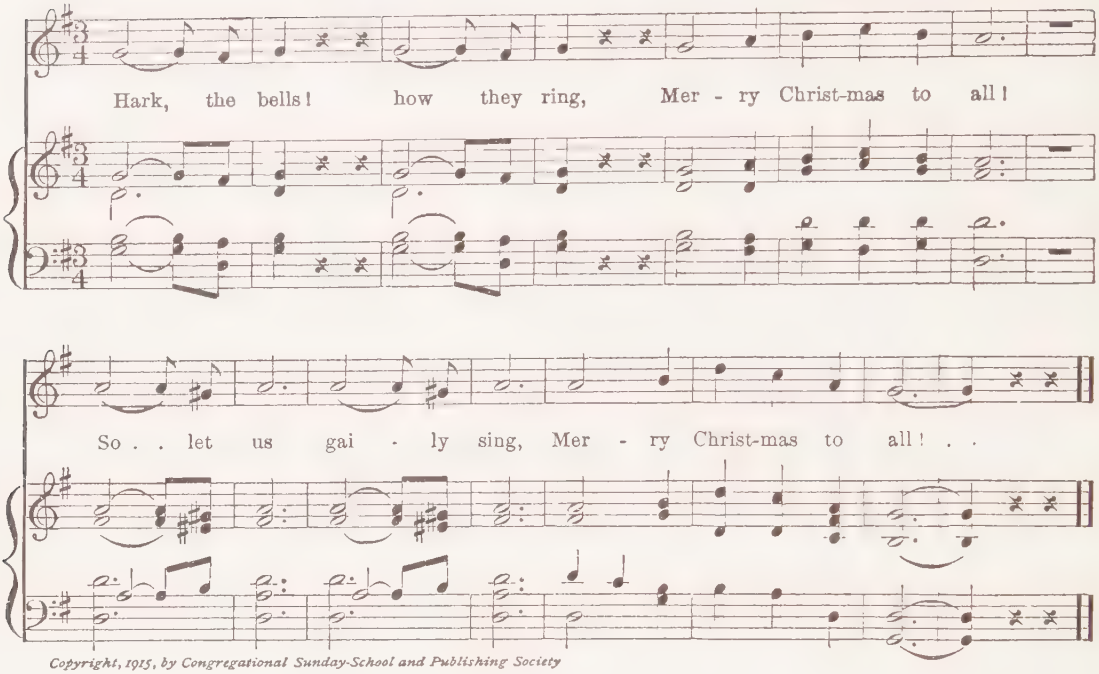
Martin Luther

Katolischen Kirchen Gesang Buch, 1625
(Ancient Church Melody, "Jesu! Redemptor Omnium")


1. Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes! What is it in that man - ger lies?
2. Oh, dear - est Je - sus, ho - ly child, Make thee a bed, soft, un - de - filed,
3. My heart for ver - y joy doth leap, My lips no more can si - lence keep;
4. Glo - ry to God in high - est heaven, Who un - to man his Son has given,
Who is the child so young and fair? The bless-ed Christ-child li - eth there.
Here in this poor young heart of mine, That I may ev - er - more be thine.
I, too, must sing, with joy - ful tongue, That sweet-est, dear - est cra - dle song.
While an - gels sing, our hearts to cheer, To all the earth a glad new year!

63 MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Arranged from BEETHOVEN



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64 COMES THE CHRIST-CHILD GENTLE

English Carol

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto

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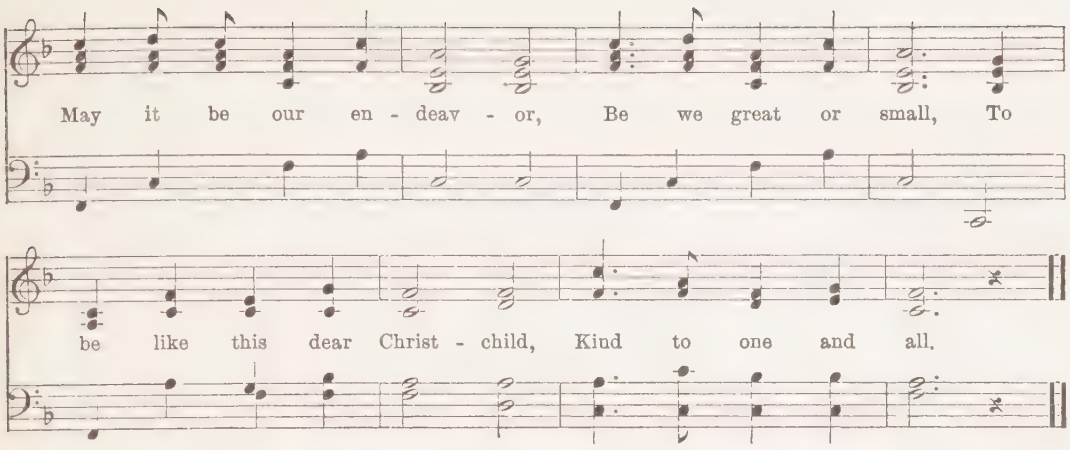
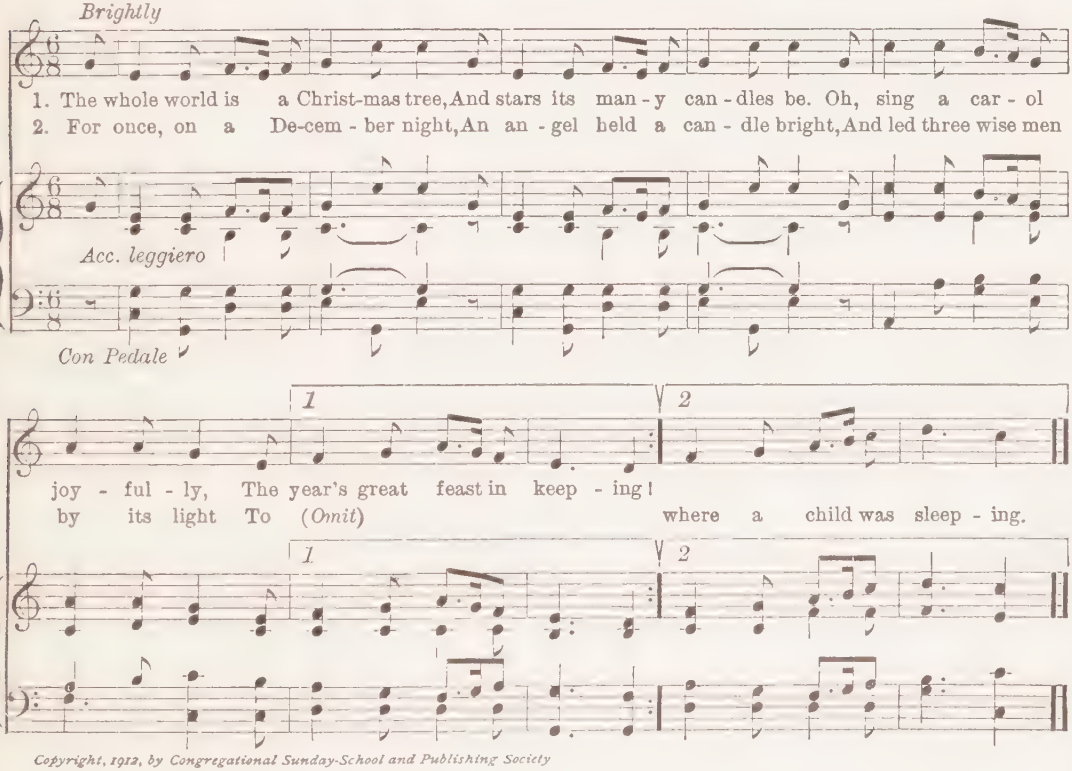


65 THE CHRISTMAS TREE

HARRIET F. BLODGETT — GRACE WILBUR CONANT


Brightly
1. The whole world is a Christ-mas tree, And stars its man - y can - dles be. Oh, sing a car - ol
2. For once, on a De-cem - ber night, An an - gel held a can - dle bright, And led three wise men
Acc. leggiero
Con Pedale
1
2
joy - ful - ly, The year's great feast in keep - ing!
by its light To (Omit) where a child was sleep - ing.

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WHAT CHILD IS THIS

W. C. Dix

Old English

p
1. What child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing; Whom
2. So bring him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come, peas - ant, king to own him. The
p
an - gels greet with an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing?
King of kings sal - va - tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts en - throne him.
Refrain f
This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing!
f
This, this is Christ the King, The babe, the Son of Ma - ry!

67 A HAPPY NEW YEAR

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — Adapted from DUNCAN HUME

Con spirito

1. The old year now has run his race, The new year comes to fill his place.
2. The old year brought much love and joy To ev - ery lit - tle girl and boy.
3. Oh, may the new year hap - py be, And full of good for you and me!

Con Pedale

REFRAIN

Good - bye, dear old year, A wel - come to the new!

68 THE THREE WISE MEN

(CAROL FOR EPIPHANY)

"Cherry Tree Carol" (Traditional)

1. When Ma - ry in the man - ger laid Her babe, with lov - ing
2. They came . . to the Christ - child Their of - ferings to . .
3. They gave . . the child in - cense And myrrh and fine . .
4. And wise . . men still trav - el The path that they .

hands, Three wise men came to wor-ship him, From far east - ern lands.
bring, For they saw his star shin - ing, The star of . . the King.
gold, These of - ferings they brought him, The wise men of old.
trod, From the East and the West, to The king - dom of God.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG

(NATIONAL HOLIDAY)

INTRODUCTION (The Star-Spangled Banner)

With spirit and dignity

f

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

1. The stars keep si - lent watch a - bove, High o - ver me, high o - ver you, And white stars in the flag I love Wave o - ver me, wave o - ver you.
2. The stars say God is in his world, Car - ing for me, car - ing for you. My flag's pro - tect - ing stars un - furled Wave o - ver me, wave o - ver you.

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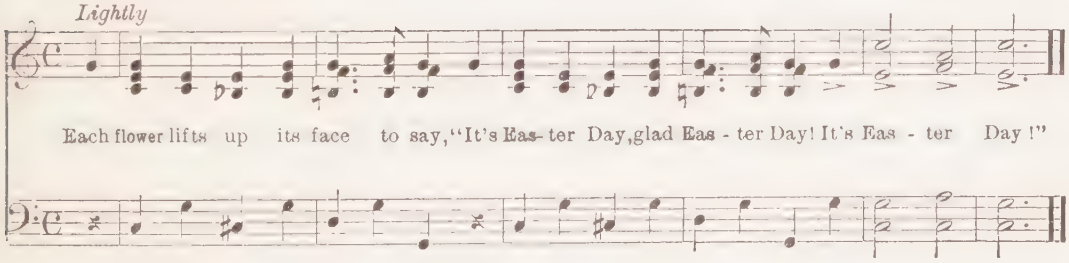
Refrain
My coun - try's flag, red, white and blue, To thee I ev - er will be true! My
coun - try's flag, red, white and blue, To thee I ev - er will be true!

(Repeat the Star-Spangled Banner introduction as interlude and postlude)

70 EASTER DAY

Frances Weld Danielson — A. B. Ponsonby



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EASTER CAROL

(EASTER)

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

Swiss Folk-song

Allegretto
1. From man-y a tower both far and near The joy - ous bells are ring - ing; From
2. White li - ly bells with tongues of gold The glad good news are tell - ing; Tall
cres.
man-y a choir with - in God's house Sweet voi - ces clear are sing - ing, Sweet
palms wave high their branch - es green, The cho - rus loud is swell - ing, The
cres.
REFRAIN
p
voi - ces clear are sing - ing. What means this song they sing al - way? What mu-sic do the
cho - rus loud is swell - ing.
p
f
poco rit.
glad bells play? Christ lives a - gain, Our King to reign, 'Tis bless - ed Eas - ter day.
f
poco rit.

EASTER HYMN

LUCY LARCOM

1. Breaks the joy - ful Eas - ter dawn, Clear - er yet and stron - ger;
2. Roused by him from drear - y hours, Un - der snow-drifts chill - y,—
3. O - pen, hap - py hours of spring, For the sun has ris - en;
Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no lon - ger. Far a - way good
In his hands he brings the flowers, Brings the rose and li - ly. Ev - ery lit - tle
Through the sky glad voi - ces ring, Call - ing you from pris - on. Lit - tle chil - dren
an - gels drive Night and sin and sad - ness; Earth a - wakes in smiles, a - live
bur - ied bud In - to life he rais - es; Ev - ery wild flower of the wood
dear, look up, Toward his bright-ness press - ing, Lift up, ev - ery heart, a cup
REFRAIN
With her dear Lord's glad - ness. Breaks the joy - ful Eas - ter dawn, Clear-er yet and
Chants the dear Lord's prais - es.
For the dear Lord's bless - ing.
stron - ger; Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no lon - ger.

THE SUN IS GONE DOWN

GEORGE MACDONALD

Tranquillo

1. The sun is gone down . And the moon is in the
Con Pedale
sky; But the sun will come up, . . And the moon be laid by. .
cres.
2. The flower is a - sleep, But it is not dead; When the morn - ing
3. When win - ter comes It will die— no, no! . . It will on - ly
cres.
1
2
f
shines, It will lift its head.
hide From the frost and the (Omit.)
4. Sure is the
snow.
1
2
f

sum - mer, Sure is the sun, . . The night and the win - ter Are shad-ows that
poco rit. e marcato
run, . . The night and the win - ter Are shad - ows that run. . .
poco rit. e marcato

74 CHILDREN'S EASTER PRAISE

Air from MENDELSSOHN

EASTER SONG

ALICE C. D. RILEY

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

1. The hap - py birds with joy will sing On East - er morn, On East - er morn. The
2. Each blade of grass that up - ward springs On East - er morn, On East - er morn, To
li - lies fair their bells will ring On East - er morn. The win - ter's cold and snows are past, New
wait-ing hearts a mes-sage brings On East - er morn. The life that buds in flower and tree Will
life, new hopes are come at last, On East - er morn, On East - er morn, On East - er morn.
bring new hopes to you and me, On East - er morn, On East - er morn, On East - er morn.

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76

GOD IS LOVE

(EASTER SONG)

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Lis - ten to our East - er song,—"God is love," "God is love."
acc. leggiero
Now and all the win - ter long,—"God is love." Flow-ers wake that
safe were hid - den, Birds come back as they are bid - den,
Chil - dren sing their East - er song,— "God . . . . . is love."

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THE CHILDREN'S SONG

(CHILDREN'S DAY)

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Con moto
1. Tall grass - es are swing - ing, The gay birds are sing - ing, With
2. Our hap - py child fac - es Are raised in sweet prais - es, To the
p
cres.
snow - drifts of dais - ies the mead - ows are white. Red ros - es are
Fa - ther who gave us birds, flow - ers and light. With glad voi - ces
cres.
sweet - 'ning The air with their greet - ing, This flower day, this day for the
ring - ing, Our hearts' love we're bring - ing, This flower day, this day for the
f
chil - dren, so bright, This flower day, this day for the chil - dren, so bright.
f

CHILDREN'S DAY PROCESSIONAL

1. 'Tis chil - dren's day; from heart to heart Let joy, let joy re - spon-sive ring;
2. For coun - try, home and na - tive land; For peace, sweet peace, our na - tion's crown;
While here we come with grate - ful love, To praise the chil - dren's King.
For grand - ly wav - ing stripes and stars, Un-scarred by tem - pest's frown;
While sum - mer flowers their in - cense breathe, And birds with rap - ture sing,
For homes made bright by vir - tue's reign, And free - dom's shel - tering wing;
Chorus
We tune our souls to high - er strains, And praise the chil-dren's King. Ho - san - na! Ho-
For lib - er - ty's en - cir - cling light, We praise the chil-dren's King.
san - na! Still let the tem-ple cho-rus ring; Ho-san - na to Je - sus! He is the chil-dren's King.

Used by special request. Courtesy of Mary Louisa Butler

WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING

JOHN KING

Adapted from CHARLES H. RICHARDS

Con spirito

1. When, his sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's
REFRAIN. Fling out, fling out the ban - ner Of Christ, our heaven - ly
FINE.
came, The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name;
still, Though now as King he reign - eth On Zi - on's heaven-ly hill,
praise, The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.
King; Ring out, ring out Ho - san - na, And Hal - le - lu - jah sing.
Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But, as he rode a - long, He
We'll flock a - round his ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne; And
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words? No;

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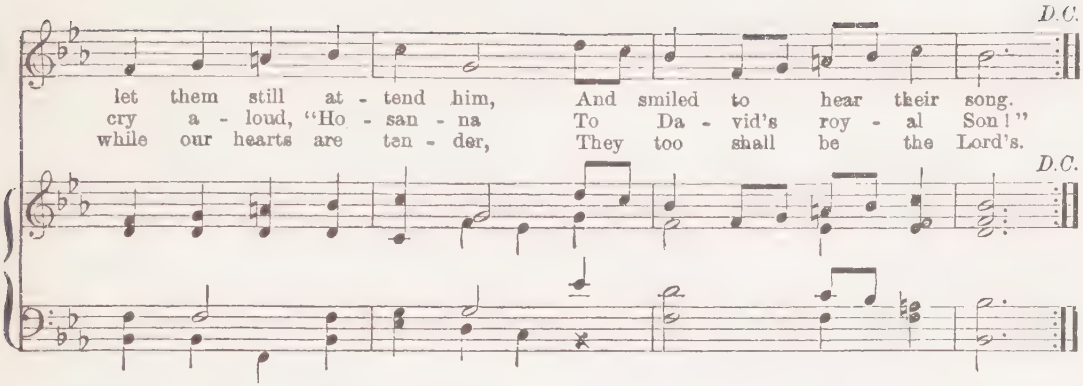
D.C.
let them still at - tend him, And smiled to hear their song.
cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"
while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's.
D.C.

80 ALL THE HAPPY CHILDREN

FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM — Adapted from MOZART

1. All the hap - py chil - dren Glad - ly join our song, Ris - ing to the
2. See the sky a - bove us, Spread so warm and blue; So God's love is
3. All the hap - py chil - dren Thank thee, Fa - ther dear, For this day for
Fa - ther, In a cho - rus strong. Birds are bright - ly sing - ing,
reach - ing O - ver me and you. Fa - ther dear, we thank thee
chil - dren Out of all the year. We will still re - mem - ber
Leaves are ope-ning wide, Flow - er bells are ring - ing Forth on ev - ery side.
For long sum-mer days, For the birds and flow - ers, For the grass - y ways.
We are thine a - lone; He who made the sum - mer Made us ev - ery one.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING

JOHN CENNICK

M. COSTA

Marcato

1. Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.
Sing your Sav - iour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.
We are trav - eling home to God In the way the fa - thers trod:
Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, On our jour - ney here be - low:
They are hap - py now and we . . Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
On - ly thou our Lead - er be, . . And we still will fol - low thee.
Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing.
Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing.

IT'S CHILDREN'S DAY

ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Lightly and as fast as the words can be sung clearly
"It's Chil - dren's Day! It's Chil - dren's Day!" That's what the love - ly
Lightly
Con Pedale
flow-ers say. The birds and brooks all sing a tune Of Chil - dren's Day, that
comes in June; So I will do my lit - tle part, Keep Chil - dren's Day with
mar - - ca - - to
all my heart, Keep Chil - dren's Day with all my heart.
mar - - ca - - to

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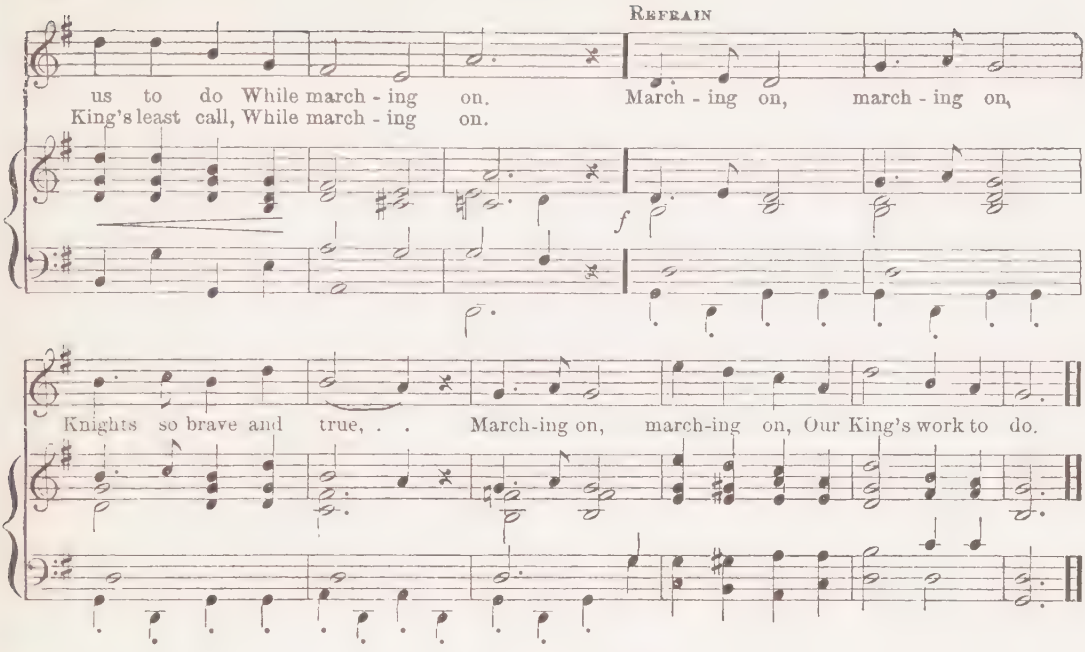
83 THE KNIGHTS' MARCHING SONG

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

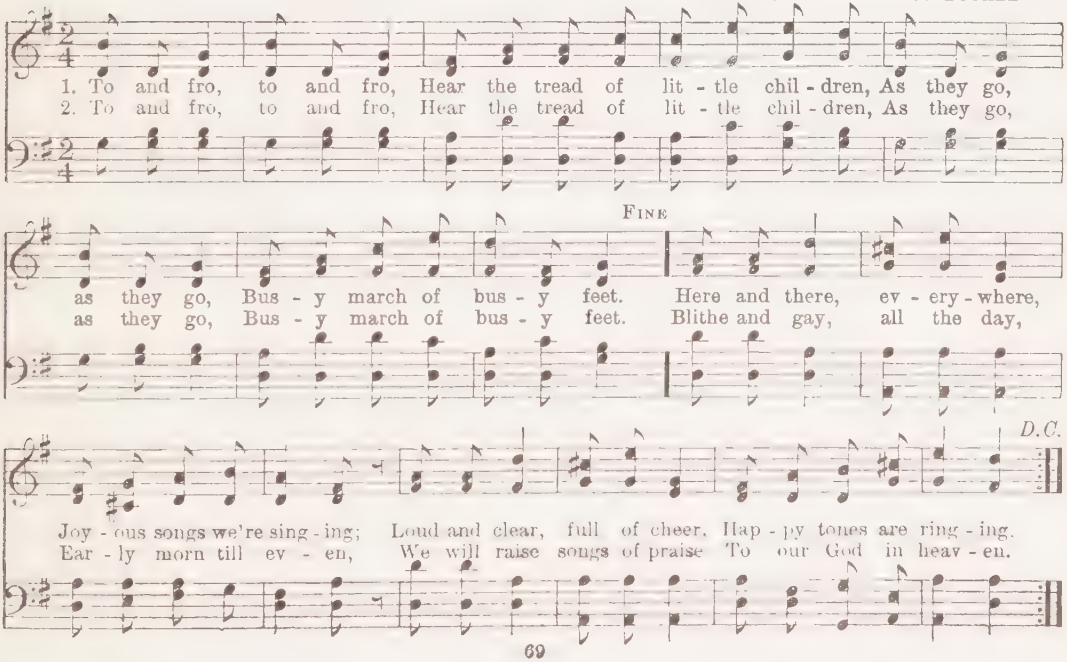
Con spirito
1. A lit - tle band of knights are we, March - ing, march-ing on,
2. We're a young and hap - py band, March - ing, march-ing on,
Ped. Ped.
Straight and strong, as knights should be, March-ing, march-ing on. Christ our King and
Work we find on ev - ery hand, March-ing, march-ing on. Help - ful to the
p
Ped. Ped.
cres.
Lead - er, too, We his knights both brave and true; He has work for
weak and small, Brave and kind and good to all, Read - y at the
Ped. simile


Refrain
us to do While march - ing on.
King's least call, While march - ing on.
March - ing on, march - ing on,
f
Knights so brave and true, . . March-ing on, march-ing on, Our King's work to do.

84

TO AND FRO

(MARCH SONG FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN) HENRY TUCKER


1. To and fro, to and fro, Hear the tread of lit - tle chil - dren, As they go,
2. To and fro, to and fro, Hear the tread of lit - tle chil - dren, As they go,
Fine
as they go, Bus - y march of bus - y feet. Here and there, ev - ery - where,
as they go, Bus - y march of bus - y feet. Blithe and gay, all the day,
D.C.
Joy - ous songs we're sing - ing; Loud and clear, full of cheer, Hap - py tones are ring - ing.
Ear - ly morn till ev - en, We will raise songs of praise To our God in heav - en.

THE BETTER LAND

(The questions and answers may be sung by teacher and pupils, or by two sets of children.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1861

1. Whith-er, pil - grims, are you go - ing, Go - ing each with staff in hand?
2. Fear ye not the way so lone - ly, You, a lit - tle, fee - ble band?
We are go - ing on a jour - ney, Go - ing at our King's com - mand.
No, for friends un - seen are near us, Ho - ly an - gels round us stand.
O - ver hills and plains and val - leys, We are go - ing to his
Christ, our Lead - er, walks be - side us, He will guard and he will
Ped.
Ped.
pal - ace, We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter
guide us, He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to that bet - ter
Ped.
land. We are go - ing to his pal - ace, Go - ing to the bet - ter land.
land. He will guard and he will guide us, Guide us to that bet - ter land.

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERTORY

GEORGE ALLEN MATHEWS

Adapted by ANNIE N. MATHEWS
from SCHUMANN

1. We bring now our gifts to the Mas - ter, Al-though they are small they'll be blest; He
2. So we bring our of-ferings to Je - sus And cheer-ful - ly give them to - day; When
knows we are ti - ny dis - ci - ples, But loves us as well as the rest. Like
placed in his hand for a bless - ing They'll com-fort some child far a - way. Though our
that lit - tle lad who gave Je - sus His two lit - tle fish - es and bread, . Which
gifts be not men-tioned in sto - ry Like that lit - tle boy's by the sea, . . Our
fed all the peo - ple who gath - ered When Je - sus the bless - ing had said. .
Fa - ther in heav - en will no - tice, Re - mem - ber, and love you and me. . .

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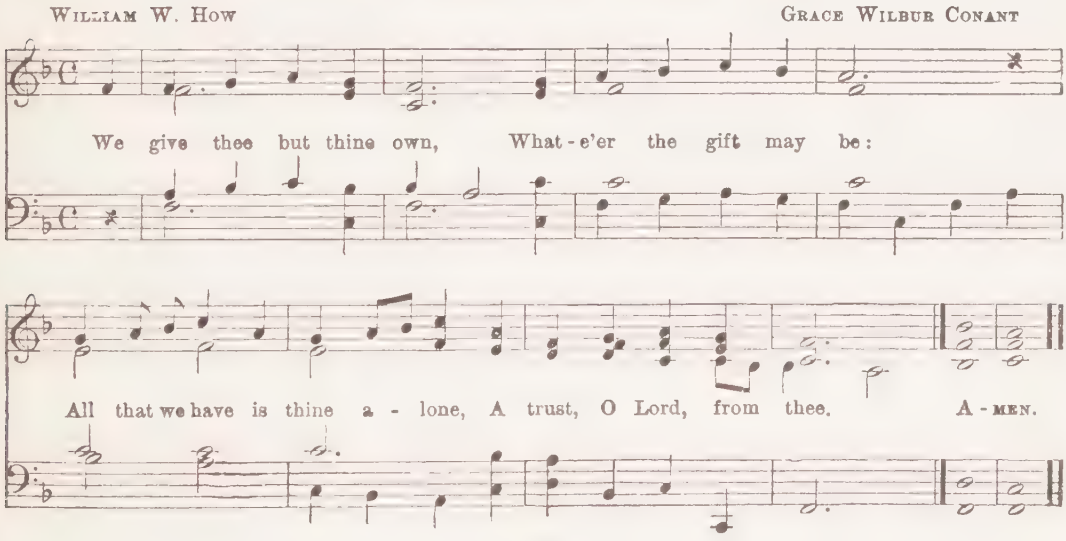
GIVING

French Air

Con grazia
1. "Give," said the lit - tle stream, "Give, oh, give! Give, oh, give!
2. "Give," said the lit - tle rain, "Give, oh, give! Give, oh, give!
Give," said the lit - tle stream, as it hur - ried down the hill. "I'm
Give," said the lit - tle rain, as it fell up - on the flowers. "I'll
small, I know, but wher - ev - er I go The fields grow green - er still."
raise their droop - ing heads a - gain," As it fell up - on the flowers.

88 WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN

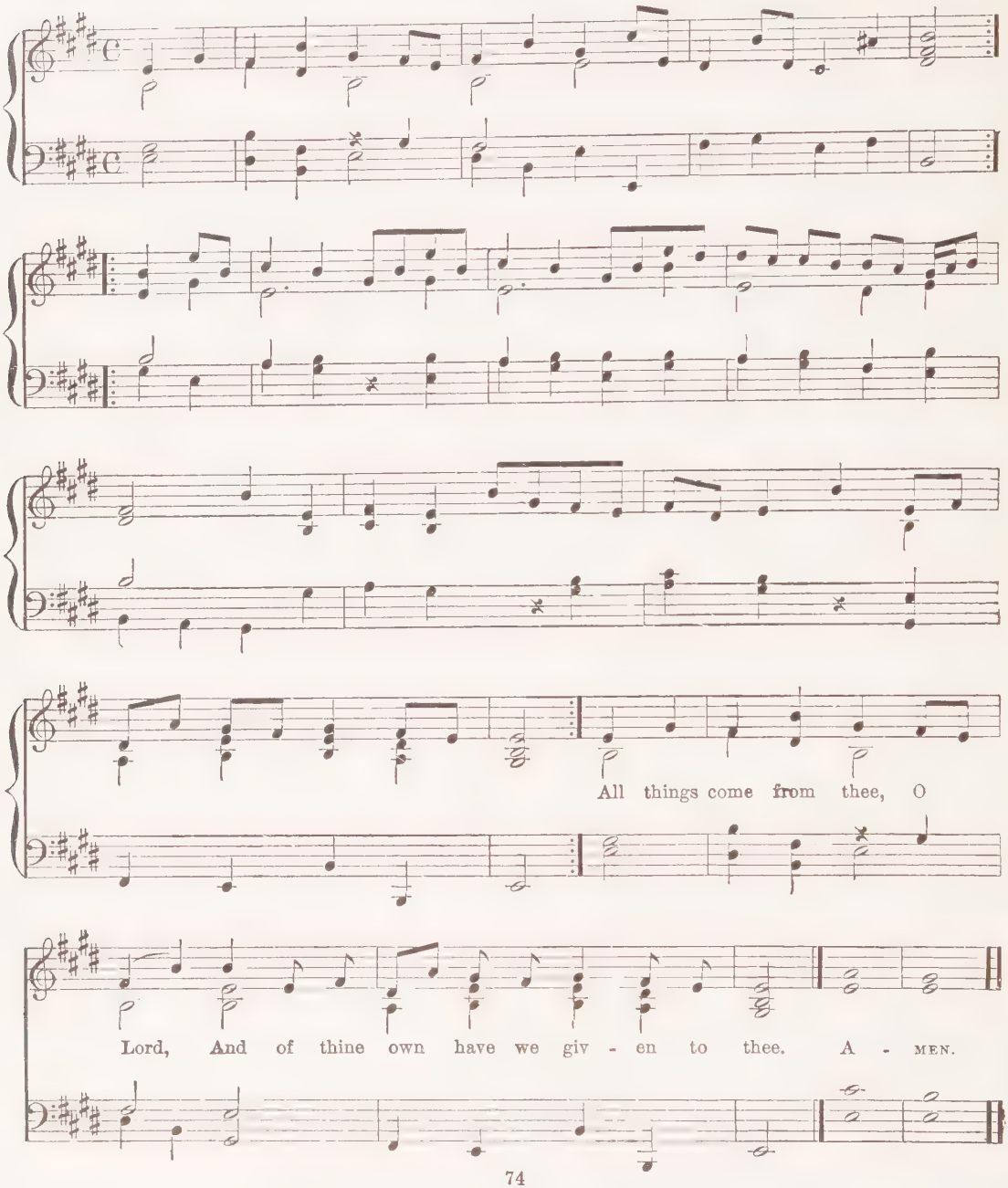

William W. How
Grace Wilbur Conant
We give thee but thine own, What-e'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee. A - men.

89

OFFERTORY MARCH

(After the offering has been taken up, let the children stop marching, standing quietly while they sing the prayer.)

HÄNDEL. Arr.



90 OFFERING HYMN

LOUISE M. OGELVEE — W. G. OGELVEE

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91 DOWN THE RAIN COMES

(A TIPTOE MARCH FOR LITTLE CHILDREN)

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — A. B. PONSONBY

1. Down the rain comes, Pit - ter, pat - ter, Down the rain comes, Soft and slow.
2. Down the rain comes, Pit - ter, pat - ter, See the grass - es Drink and grow.
Basso staccato

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92 A BIRTHDAY GREETING

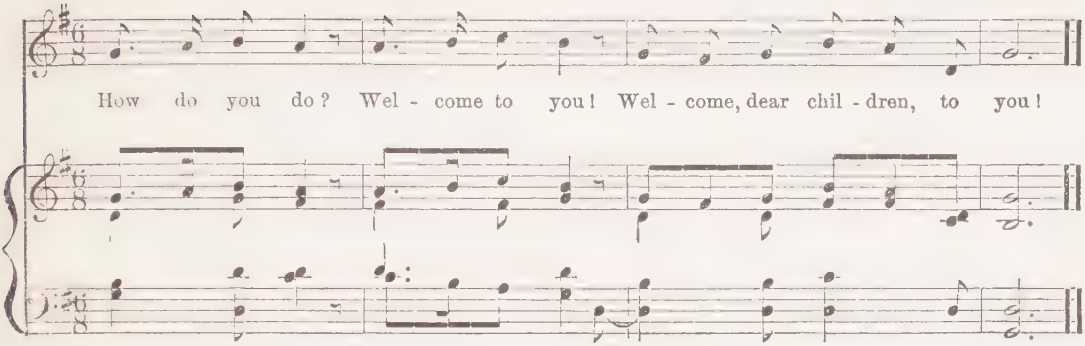
FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

Adapted from Old Song

A birth - day greet - ing to you, dear, May you be hap - py
all the year! If you are brave and sweet and true, The
Fa - ther's smile will rest on you, And he will be so
glad to see You grow - ing up, his child to be. A birth - day greet - ing
poco rit.
to you, dear, May you be hap - py all the year!

93 LITTLE SONG OF GREETING

A. B. Ponsonby



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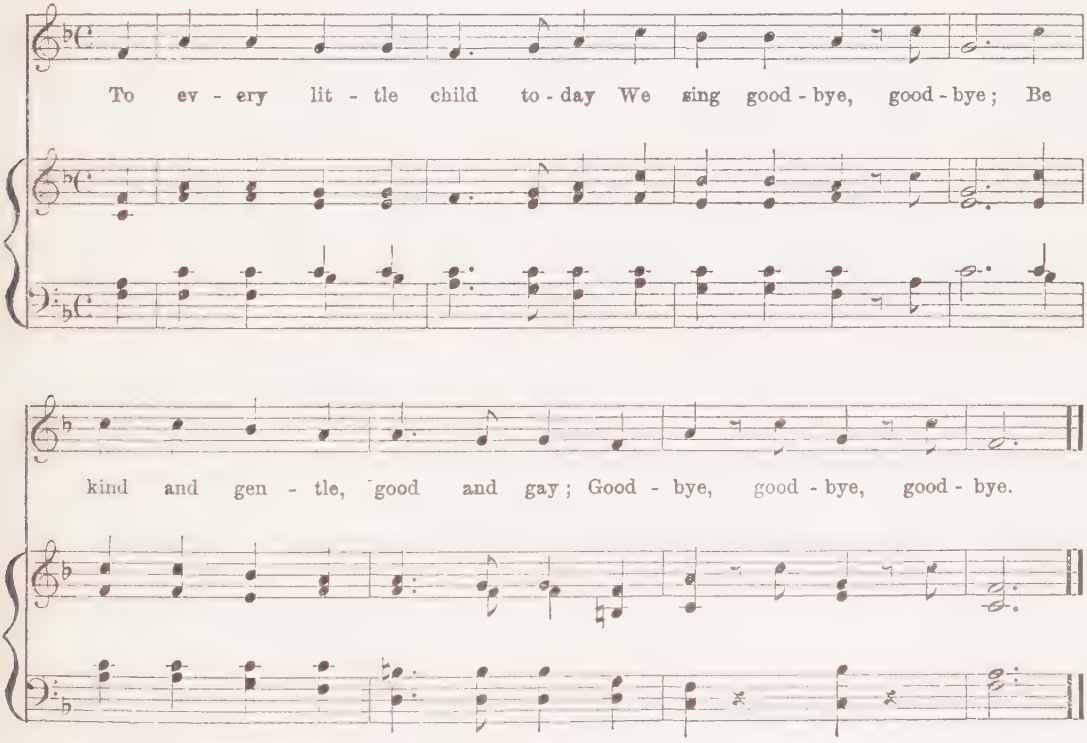
94 LITTLE GOOD-BYE SONG

Frances Weld Danielson

A. B. Ponsonby



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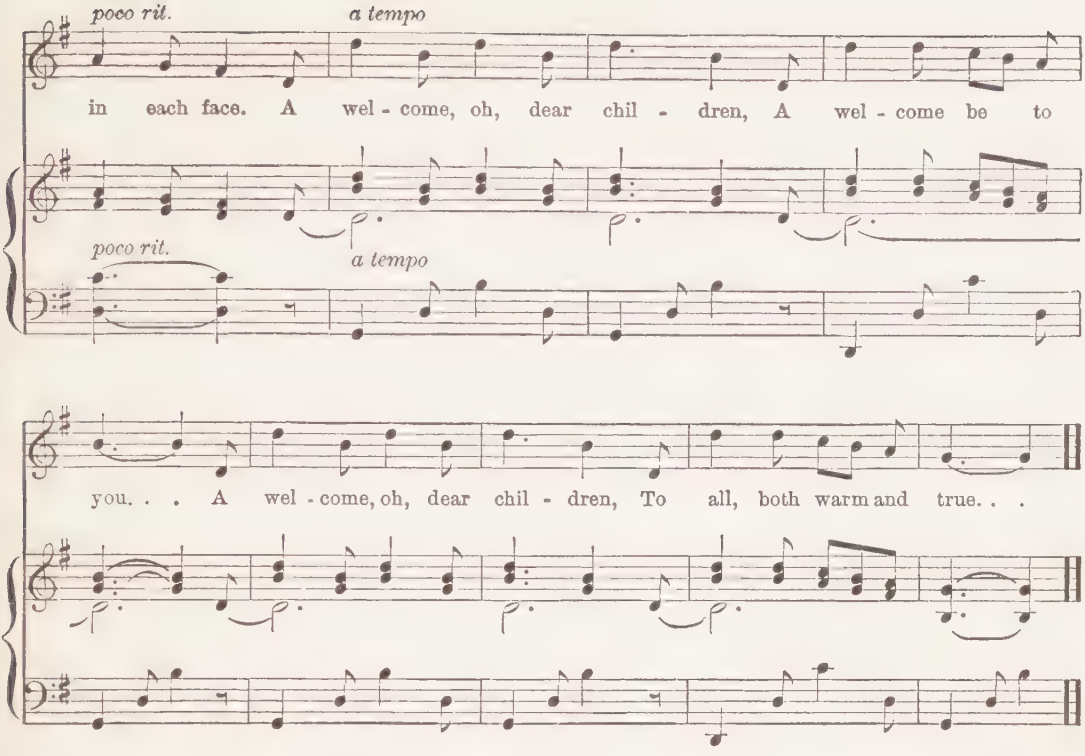
95

A WELCOME

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

Adapted from LAURA COLLIN

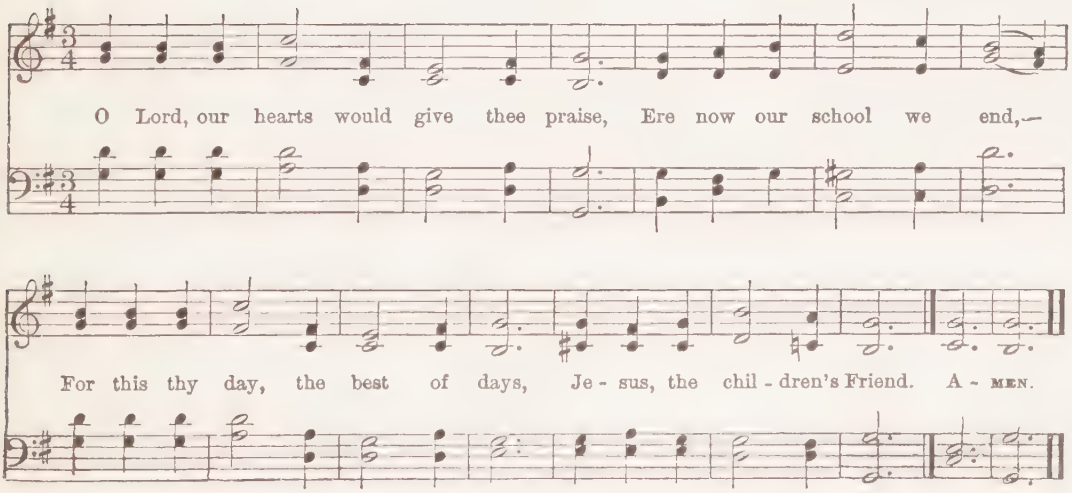
Animato
A wel - come, oh, dear chil - dren, A wel - come be to
Ped.
Ped.
Ped. simile
you. . . A wel - come, oh, dear chil - dren, To all, both warm and true. . .
Love has brought us to this place; Love is shin - ing


poco rit.
a tempo
in each face. A wel - come, oh, dear chil - dren, A wel - come be to
poco rit.
a tempo
you. . . A wel - come, oh, dear chil - dren, To all, both warm and true. . .

96

GOOD-BYE HYMN

Hymnal Companion


O Lord, our hearts would give thee praise, Ere now our school we end,—
For this thy day, the best of days, Je - sus, the chil - dren's Friend. A - MEN.

97 OPENING PRAYER

Words and music by MARY H. KNOX

1. Lov - ing Fa - ther, hear the prayer Of lit - tle hearts to - day. For
2. We will lis - ten for thy voice In work or at our play. We'll
3. Hand in hand with thee we'll walk, Wher - ev - er thou dost guide. Kind
thou art here and ev - ery where; Thy love sur - rounds al - way.
seek to make thy will our choice, Love's gen - tle voice o - bey.
Shep - herd of thy lit - tle flock, We fol - low at thy side.

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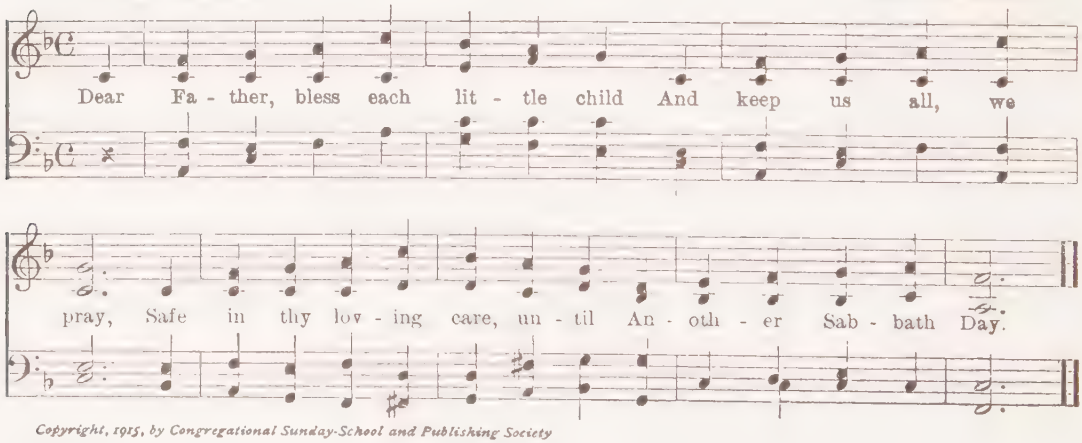
98 CLOSING PRAYER

LOUISE M. OGELVEE W. G. OGELVEE



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GOOD-BYE SONG

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — MENDELSSOHN

Good - bye to all, 'Tis time, we know, For lit - tle chil - dren
mf
home to go. Good - bye to all, Good - bye to all. Oh, may we, till a -
p
mf
gain we meet, Be kind and lov - ing, brave and sweet! Good -
bye to all, Good - bye to all, To all, good - bye.
mp rit.

100 FLY AWAY, SWALLOW

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Fly a - way, fly a - way o - ver the sea,
Con Pedale
Sun - lov - ing swal - low, for sum - mer is done, Come a - gain, come a - gain,
come back to me, Bring - ing the sum - mer and bring - ing the sun.

AUTUMN DAY

From the German

A. B. Ponsonby

Slowly but very rhythmically

Au - tumn day, bright and gay, God gives rich - est gifts to - day.
Con Pedale
Look on ev - ery side and see Pleas - ant things for you and me.
Ap - ples red and ap - ples yel - low, Round and jui - cy, sweet and mel - low,
Load the trees till they bend o - ver And their branch - es brush the clo - ver.
Not too slowly
Child, be glad with all that lives, But for - get not God who gives.

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NATURE'S GOOD NIGHT

Adapted from MYLES B. FOSTER

1. Clouds of gray are in the sky, Flocks of birds are wing - ing by.
2. Breez - es bring a breath of snow, To their homes the squir - rels go.
Con Pedale
Trees now dressed in fa - ded brown Send their leaves all rus - tling down.
Soon the feather - y flakes will fly, Drift - ing from a win - try sky.
Lit - tle flowers in slum - ber deep, Nod their drow - sy heads and sleep.
All the brooks will go to rest, Coats of ice on ev - ery breast.
All the world must say, "Good night," Till spring comes back with sun - shine bright.

Words from "The New First Reader, Educational Music Course," used by permission of Ginn and Company, Publishers

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO

ISABELLA F. BELLOWS

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andantino

1. Where do all the dais - ies go? I know, I know!
2. Where do all the bird - ies go? I know, I know!
mf
Un - der - neath the snow they creep, Nod their lit - tle heads and sleep;
Far a - way from win - ter snow, To the fair, warm South they go;
p
In the spring-time out they peep,— That is where they go.
There they stay till dais - ies blow,— That is where they go.
Ped. * Ped. *
In the spring - time out they peep,— That is where they go.
There they stay till dais - ies blow,— That is where they go.
f
Ped Ped *

104 THE SQUIRREL

The Wellspring

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

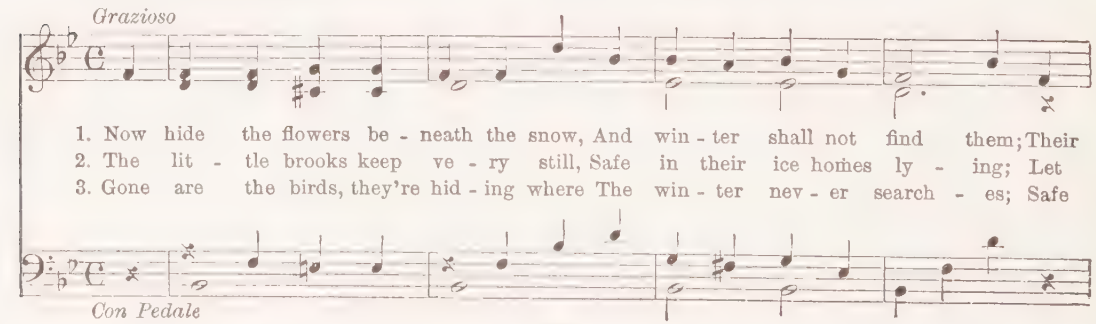
Allegretto

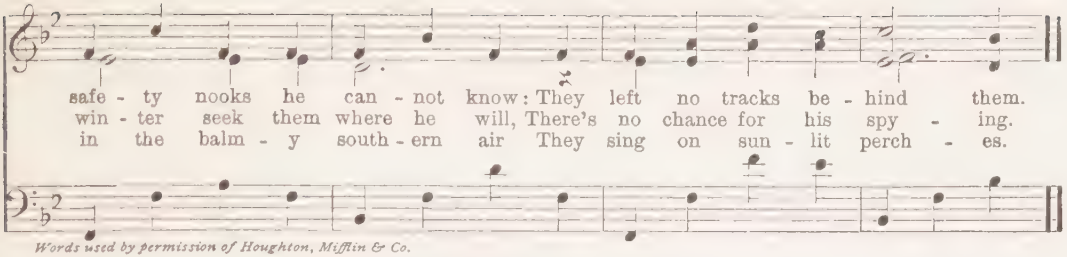
1. The squir - rel has - tens to and fro, With wal - nuts and with corn, His
2. The hap - py har - vest time he knows Will ver - y soon be past, So
Con Pedale
store to fill ere comes the snow, And au - tumn fields are shorn.
gai - ly at his work he goes,—Cold win - ter's com - ing fast.

105 HIDE-AND-SEEK

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

Grazioso


1. Now hide the flowers be - neath the snow, And win - ter shall not find them; Their
2. The lit - tle brooks keep ve - ry still, Safe in their ice homes ly - ing; Let
3. Gone are the birds, they're hid - ing where The win - ter nev - er search - es; Safe
Con Pedale


safe - ty nooks he can - not know: They left no tracks be - hind them.
win - ter seek them where he will, There's no chance for his spy - ing.
in the balm - y south - ern air They sing on sun - lit perch - es.

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4 But comes the spring at last to look
For all her playmates hidden,
And one by one, flower, bird and brook,
Shall from its place be bidden.

106 TINY LITTLE SNOWFLAKES

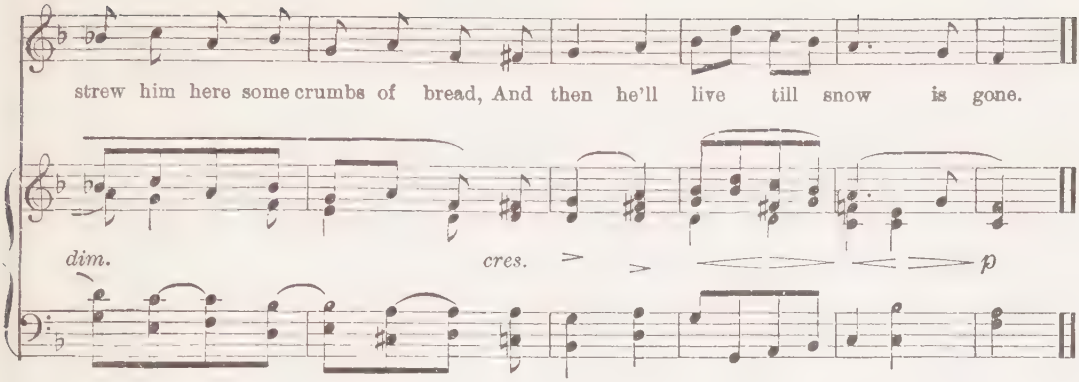
LUCY LARCOM — Danish Folk-song

1. Ti - ny lit - tle snow - flakes, In the air so high, Are you lit - tle
2. Whirl - ing on the side - walk, Danc - ing in the street, Kiss - ing all the
an - gels, Float - ing in the sky? Robed so white and spot - less,
fac - es Of the chil - dren sweet, Load - ing all the house - tops,
Fly - ing like a dove, Are you lit - tle crea - tures From the world a - bove?
Pow - dering all the trees,— Cun - ning lit - tle snow-flakes, Lit - tle bu - sy bees.

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND

J. W. Elliott

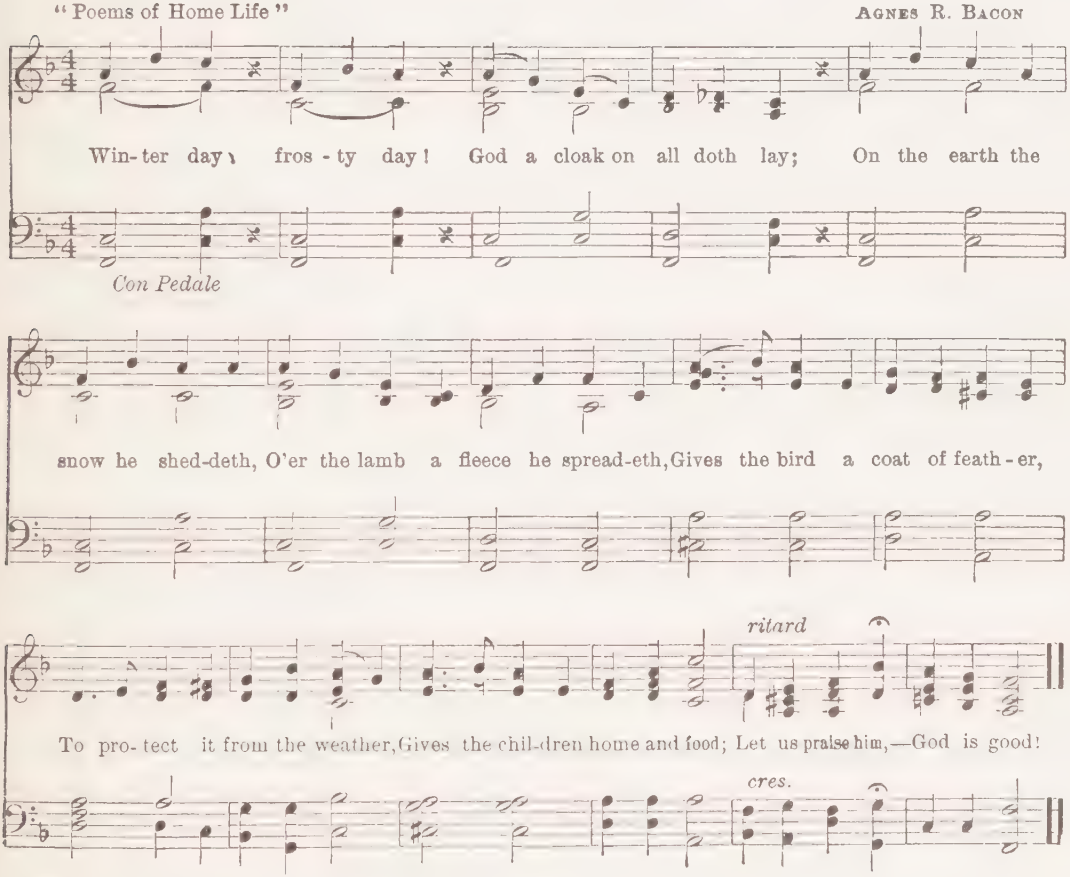
Andante non troppo
When the snow is on the ground Lit - tle rob - in red-breast grieves, For no
p
pp
p
ber - ries can be found, And on the trees there are no leaves. The
poco cres.
air is cold, the worms are hid, For this poor bird what can be done? We'll
cres.
fz



108 WINTER HYMN

"Poems of Home Life"

AGNES R. BACON


Win-ter day, fros-ty day! God a cloak on all doth lay; On the earth the
Con Pedale
snow he shed-deth, O'er the lamb a fleece he spread-eth, Gives the bird a coat of feath-er,
ritard
To pro-tect it from the weather, Gives the chil-dren home and food; Let us praise him,—God is good!
cres.

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LITTLE BROWN SEED

E. NESBIT

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andantino

1. Lit - tle brown seed, O lit - tle brown broth - er, Are you a - wake in the dark? . .
2. Lit - tle brown seed, O lit - tle brown brother, What kind of a flower will you be? . . .
. . Here we lie cos - i - ly, close to each oth - er; Hark to the song of the lark! . .
. . I'll be a pop - py, all white like my moth - er; Do be a pop - py like me! . . .
"Wak-en!" the lark says, "Wak-en and dress you, Put on your green coat and gay; . .
. . What? You're a sun-flower? How I shall miss you When you're grown gold-en and high! . .
Blue sky will smile on you, Sunshine ca - ress you—Waken, 'tis morn-ing, 'tis May!" . .
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you! Lit - tle brown brother, good - bye. . . .

THE ALDER BY THE RIVER

CELIA THAXTER — HERMANN STRACHAUER

1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow-dery curls, The wil - low buds in
2. The gay green grass comes creeping, So soft be-neath their feet; The frogs be - gin to
3. And just as man - y dai - sies As their soft hands can hold, The lit - tle ones may
sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls. The lit - tle birds fly o - ver,
rip - ple A mus - ic clear and sweet. The but - ter-cups are com - ing,
gath - er, All fair in white and gold. Here blows the warm red clo - ver,
And oh, how sweet they sing! To tell the hap - py chil-dren That once a-gain 't is spring.
And scar - let col-um - bine, And in the sun - ny mead-ows The dan - de - li - ons shine.
There peeps the vio-let blue, — Oh, hap - py lit - tle chil-dren, God makes them all for you.
CHORUS
Who is it brings the flow - ers, A - dorn-ing earth a - new? 'T is God, oh, hap - py
chil - dren, He makes them all for you, He makes them all for you.

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ROBIN REDBREAST

Words and Music by GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andantino
Wel-come, wel-come, hap-py bird, Flit-ting hi-ther, flit-ting thi-ther. Glad-der
Con Pedale
song was nev-er heard In the sun-ny spring-time weath-er. Rob-in
red-breast, rob-in red-breast, Let us sing of spring to-geth-er, Rob-in
red-breast, rob-in red-breast, Let us sing of spring to-geth-er.

GROWING

Daintily

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

mf
1. A lit - tle rain and a lit - tle sun, And a lit - tle pearl - y dew, And a
2. A lit - tle work and a lit - tle play, And lots of qui - et sleep; A
mf
Con Pedale
cres.
push - ing up and a reach - ing out, Then leaves and ten - drils all a - bout,—And
cheer - ful heart and a sun - ny face, And les - sons learned and things in place,—Ah!
cres.
f
mp
mf
that's the way the flow - ers grow, Don't you know? Don't you know? And
that's the way the chil - dren grow, Don't you know? Don't you know? Ah!
f
mp
mf
poco rit.
that's the way the flow - ers grow, Don't you know?
that's the way the chil - dren grow, Don't you know?
poco rit.

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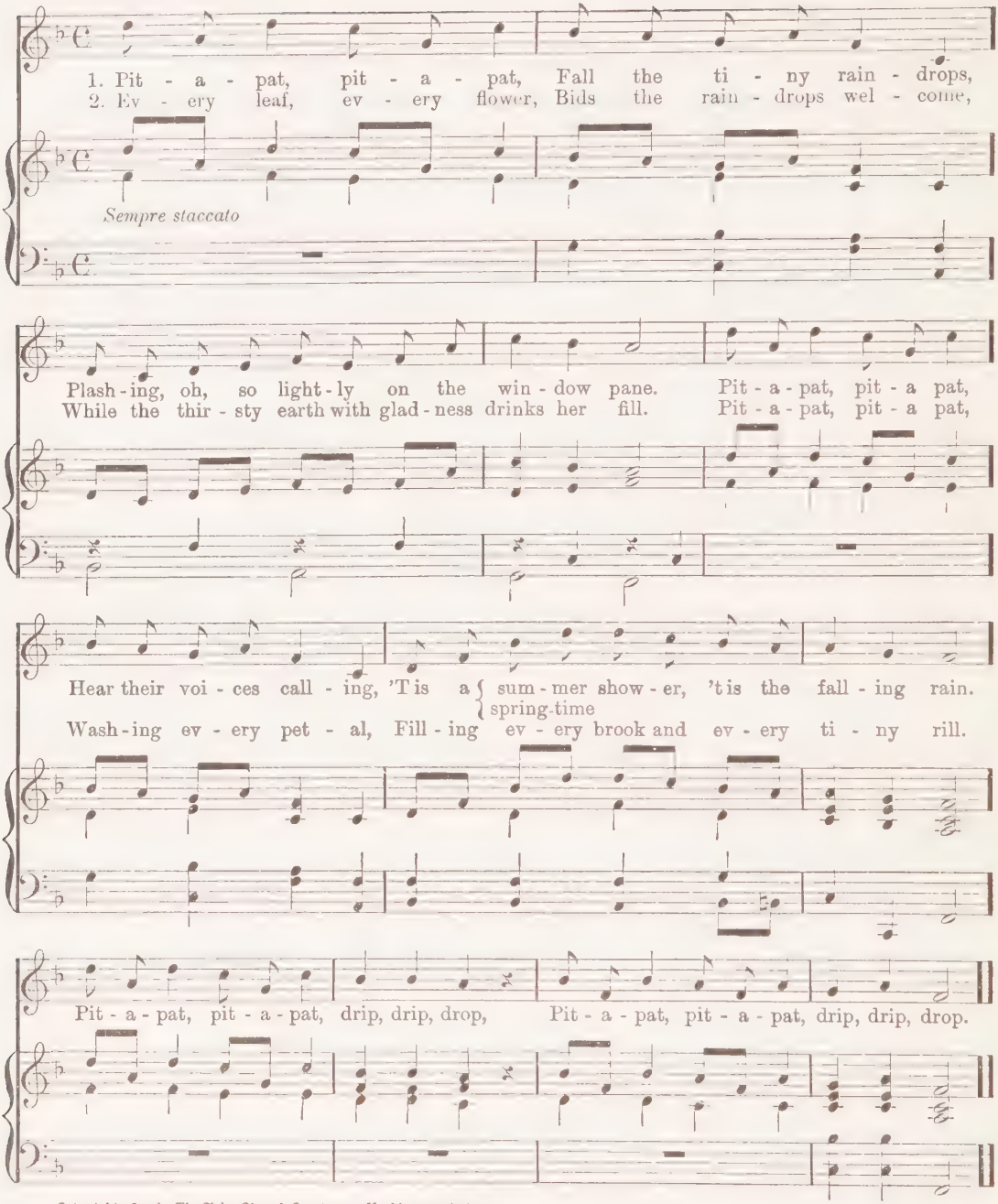
PITAPAT

ALICE C. D. RILEY

JESSIE L. GAYNOR


1. Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, Fall the ti - ny rain - drops,
2. Ev - ery leaf, ev - ery flower, Bids the rain - drops wel - come,
Sempre staccato
Plash - ing, oh, so light - ly on the win - dow pane. Pit - a - pat, pit - a pat,
While the thir - sty earth with glad - ness drinks her fill. Pit - a - pat, pit - a pat,
Hear their voi - ces call - ing, 'T is a { sum - mer show - er, 't is the fall - ing rain.
{ spring-time
Wash - ing ev - ery pet - al, Fill - ing ev - ery brook and ev - ery ti - ny rill.
Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, drip, drip, drop, Pit - a - pat, pit - a - pat, drip, drip, drop.

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THE CHEERFUL SUNBEAM

The Youth's Companion

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto grazioso

1. One day a sun-beam met a cloud; 'T was in the month of May.
Con Pedale
Frown-ing, the cloud said, an - gri-ly, "You're al-ways in the way!" — . . The
sun-beam smiled, and said, "My dear, Why can't we work to-geth-er? The
flow-ers need us both, you know, Sun-shine and rain-y weath-er."

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FLOWERS

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL

ALBERTO RANDEGGER

1. Buds and bells, sweet A - pril pleas-ures, Spring - ing all a - round, . . .
2. When the wea - ry lit - tle flow - ers Close their star - ry eyes, ...
White and gold and crim - son treas - ures, From the cold, un - love - ly ground.
By the dark and dew - y hours, . . Strength and fresh - ness God sup - plies.
He who gave them grace and hue, Made the lit - tle chil - dren too.
He who sends the gen - tle dew, Cares for lit - tle chil - dren too.

3 Then he gives the pleasant weather,
Sunshine warm and free,
Making all things glad together,
Kind to them and kind to me.
Lovely flowers, he loveth you,
And the little children too.

4 Though he cannot hear you singing
Softly chiming lays,
Surely God can see you bringing
Silent songs of wordless praise;
Hears your anthem, sweet and true,
Hears the little children too.

DANDELIONS IN THE GRASS

Words and Music by GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andantino
Dan - de - li - ons in the grass, Like lit - tle gol - den suns,
Con Pedale
Watch the great sun o'er them pass, As fast the morn - ing runs.
When the sun turns toward the west, Be - fore the sky grows red, . . .
Dan - de - li - ons think 'tis best Like him to start for bed. . . .

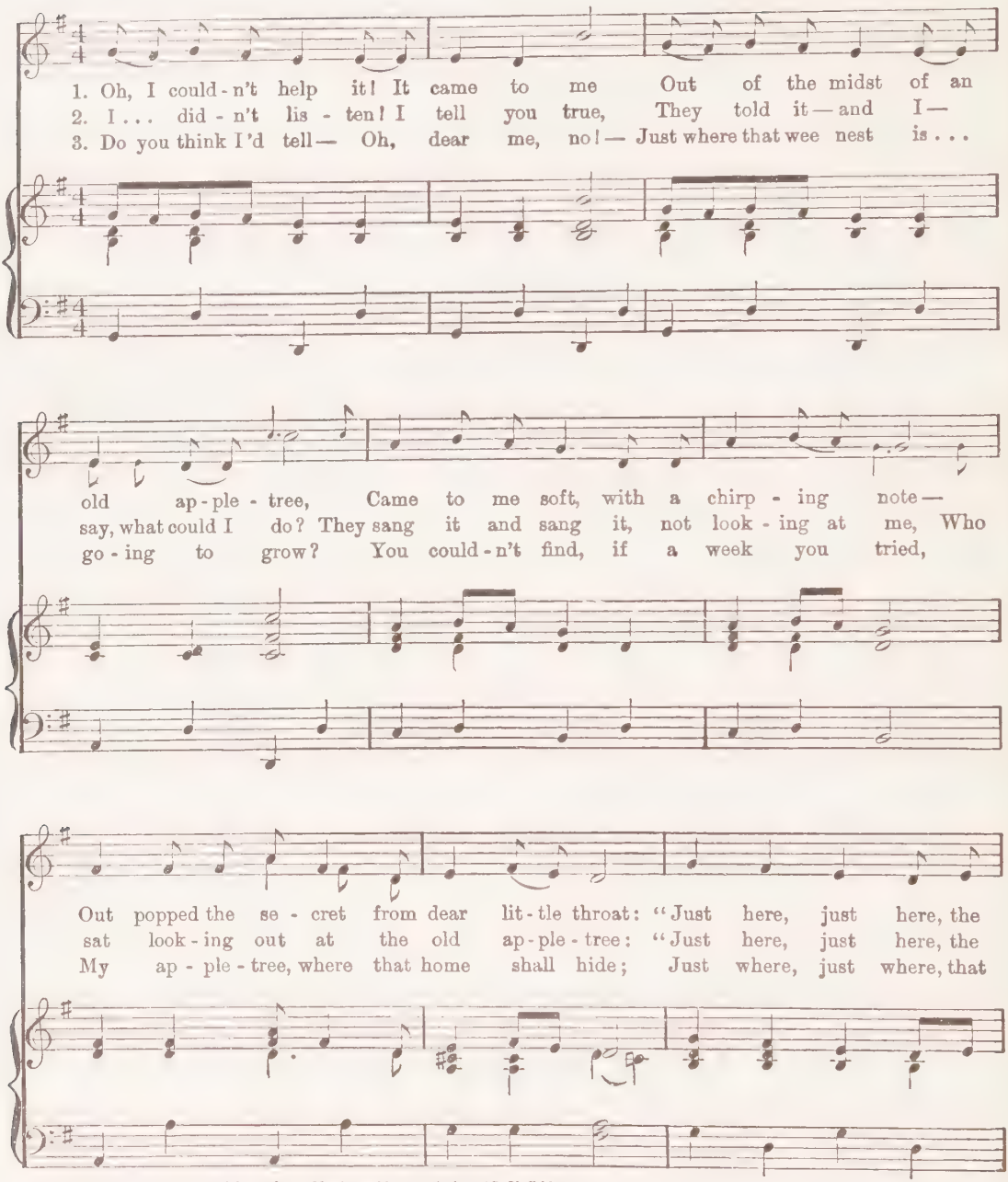
From "The Snowflake Dance and Five Other Songs for the Kindergarten." Used by permission

117

OUR HAPPY SECRET

MARGARET SIDNEY

ALICE PITMAN WESLEY


1. Oh, I could-n't help it! It came to me Out of the midst of an
2. I . . . did-n't lis-ten! I tell you true, They told it — and I —
3. Do you think I'd tell — Oh, dear me, no! — Just where that wee nest is . . .
old ap-ple-tree, Came to me soft, with a chirp-ing note —
say, what could I do? They sang it and sang it, not look-ing at me, Who
go-ing to grow? You could-n't find, if a week you tried,
Out popped the se-cret from dear lit-tle throat: "Just here, just here, the
sat look-ing out at the old ap-ple-tree: "Just here, just here, the
My ap-ple-tree, where that home shall hide; Just where, just where, that

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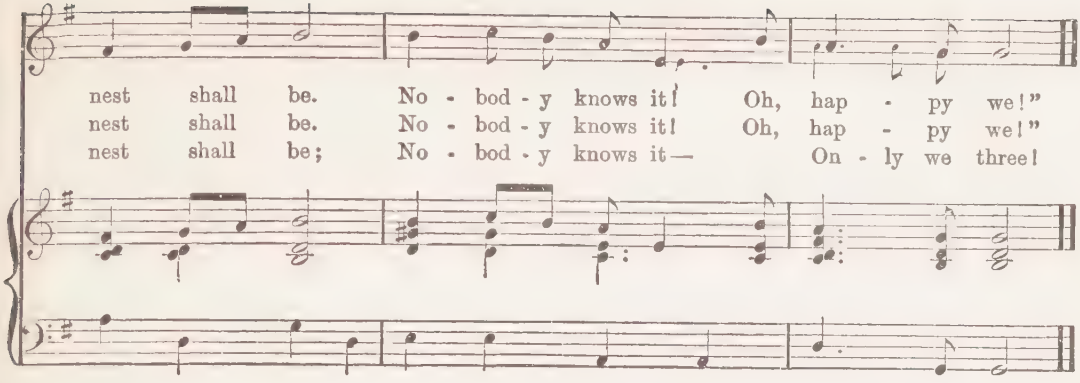
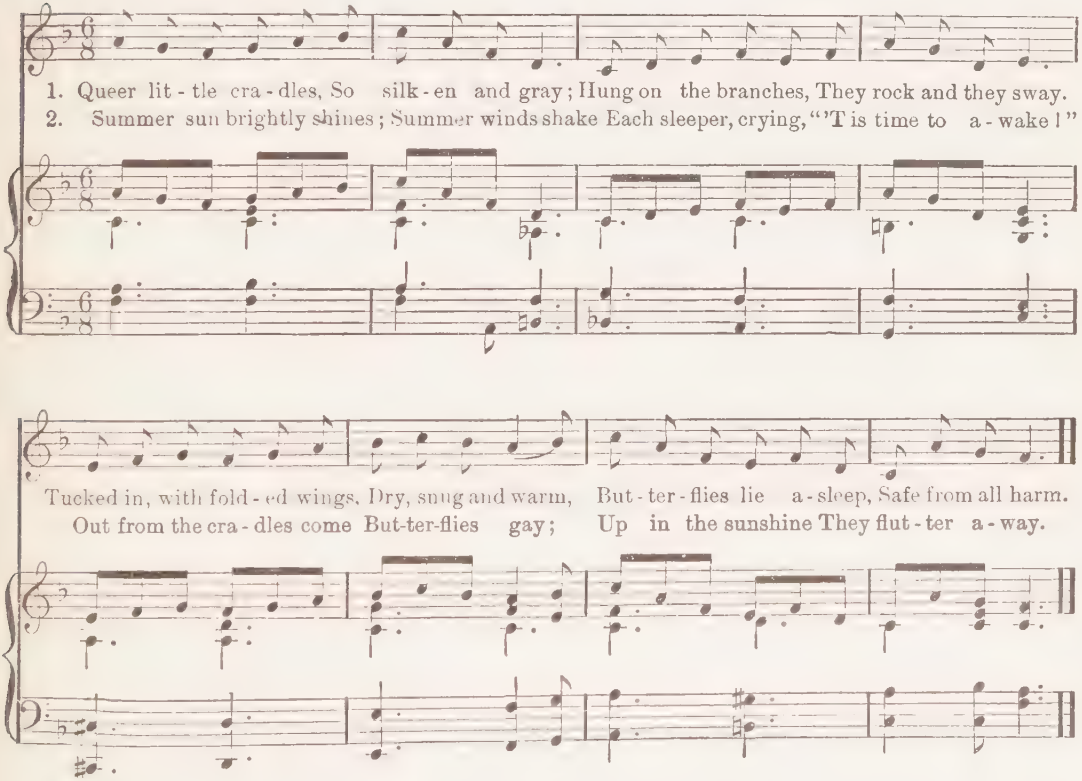

nest shall be. No - bod - y knows it! Oh, hap - py we!"
nest shall be. No - bod - y knows it! Oh, hap - py we!"
nest shall be; No - bod - y knows it— On - ly we three!

118 QUEER LITTLE CRADLES

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — Adapted from J. W. ELLIOTT

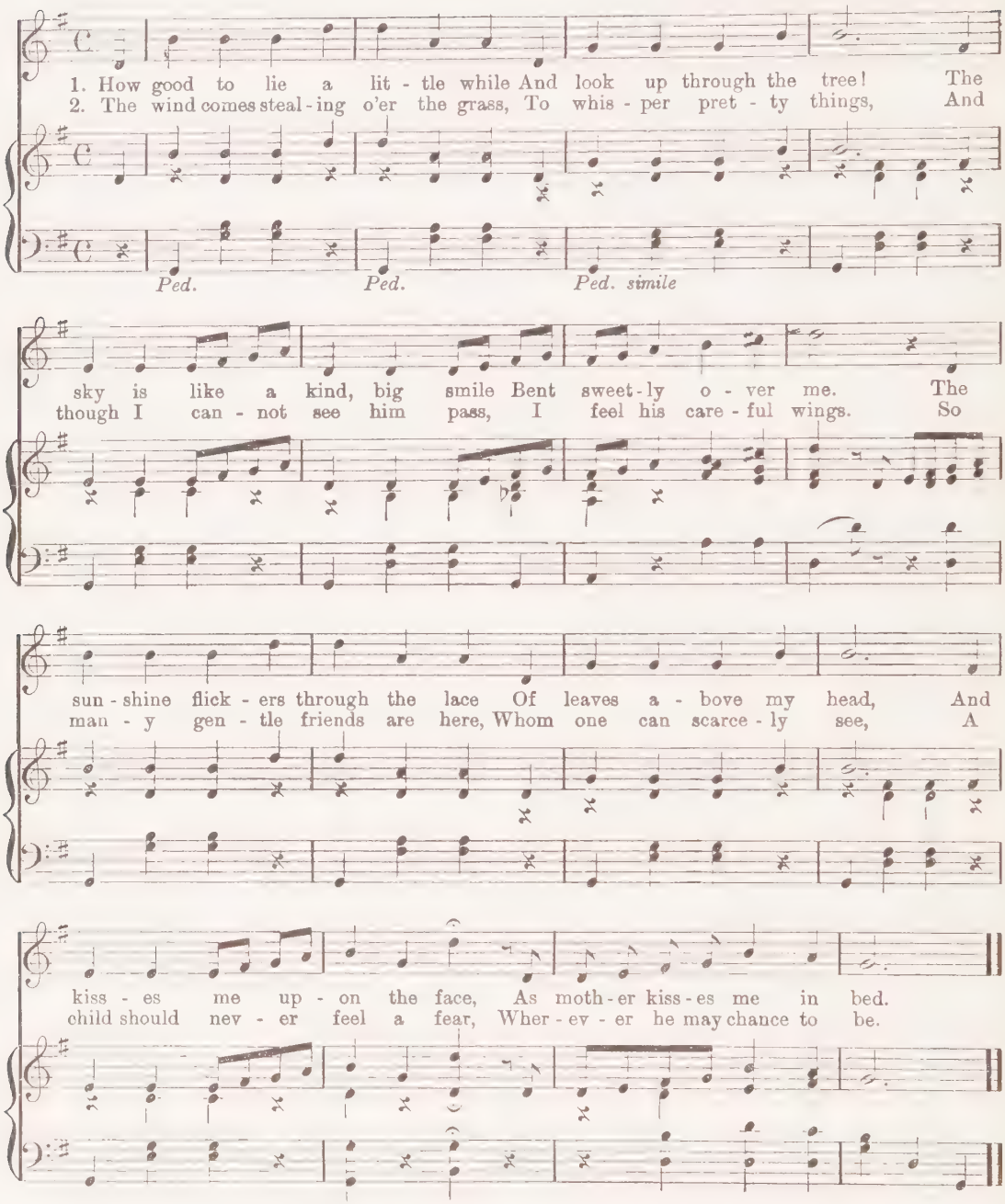

1. Queer lit - tle cra - dles, So silk - en and gray; Hung on the branches, They rock and they sway.
2. Summer sun brightly shines; Summer winds shake Each sleeper, crying, "'T is time to a - wake!"
Tucked in, with fold - ed wings, Dry, snug and warm, But - ter - flies lie a - sleep, Safe from all harm.
Out from the cra - dles come But-ter-flies gay; Up in the sunshine They flut - ter a - way.

119

FRIENDS

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Adapted from MYLES B. FOSTER


1. How good to lie a lit - tle while And look up through the tree! The
2. The wind comes steal - ing o'er the grass, To whis - per pret - ty things, And
Ped.
Ped.
Ped. simile
sky is like a kind, big smile Bent sweet - ly o - ver me. The
though I can - not see him pass, I feel his care - ful wings. So
sun - shine flick - ers through the lace Of leaves a - bove my head, And
man - y gen - tle friends are here, Whom one can scarce - ly see, A
kiss - es me up - on the face, As moth - er kiss - es me in bed.
child should nev - er feel a fear, Wher - ev - er he may chance to be.

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120

SONG OF THE BREEZES

L. P.

29793

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto

1. We romp with the flow - ers and grass; We whis - per sweet songs to the trees;
2. We car - ry the snow-flakes in win-ter, To make for the earth a white dress;
3. In day - time, a - cross the blue sky, We drive flee - cy clouds like white sheep;

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped. simile*

We fan ach - ing brows as we pass, In all things the Fa - ther we please.
We bring, too, the rain-drops in sum-mer, The grass and the flow - ers to bless.
At eve - ning so quick - ly we fly, To rock all the bird - ies to sleep.

REFRAIN

Oh, we are the bree - zes that blow! We bring you a mes - sage to - day. Our Fa - ther has sent us, you know, To tell you of him in our play.

mp

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Lincoln Christian College

121 A FLOWER SONG FOR CHILDREN

CARO A. DUGAN

E. L.

1. All the wide mead-ows are sweet with clo - ver, Ro - sy clo - ver blooms
2. Gold - en but - ter - cups catch - ing the sun - light, While the heav - ens are
fair to see, Com - mon as sunshine, but some - how dear - er Than oth - er state - lier
blue and fair, Then when days are dark and mis - ty, Mak - ing sun - shine
flowers can be; Lov - ing to give, on ev - ery hand, Scatter - ing fragrance through the land.
ev - ery-where; Happy the sea - son that may hold Good - ly store of your fair - y gold.

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3 Hidden away under meadow grasses,
Like a hint of the far, blue sky,
If we look close we shall find a blossom
Right at our feet, so quiet and shy;
Quiet and shy, yet what were spring,
Wanting the violet's offering?

4 Day by day the happy wild flowers
Lift their heads to the sun's warm glow,
Gratefully drink the cooling showers,
Rocked by the winds, sway to and fro;
Then as the night brings shadows deep,
Drooping their little heads they sleep.

THE STARS ARE LAMPS

ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH

A. B. PONSONBY

The stars are lamps set in the sky For La - dy Moon to trav - el by; But
when she comes she is so bright She far out-shines the stars' best light.
She does not need their fee - ble glow To tell her just the way to go . .

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123 THE WIND

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andante con moto

1. Who has seen the wind? Neith - er I nor you; But
2. Who has seen the wind? Neith - er you nor I; But
Con Pedale
when the trees bow low their heads, The wind is pass - ing through.
when the leaves hang trem - bling, The wind is pass - ing by.

124 CLOVER BLOSSOMS

J. C. MACY — J. C.

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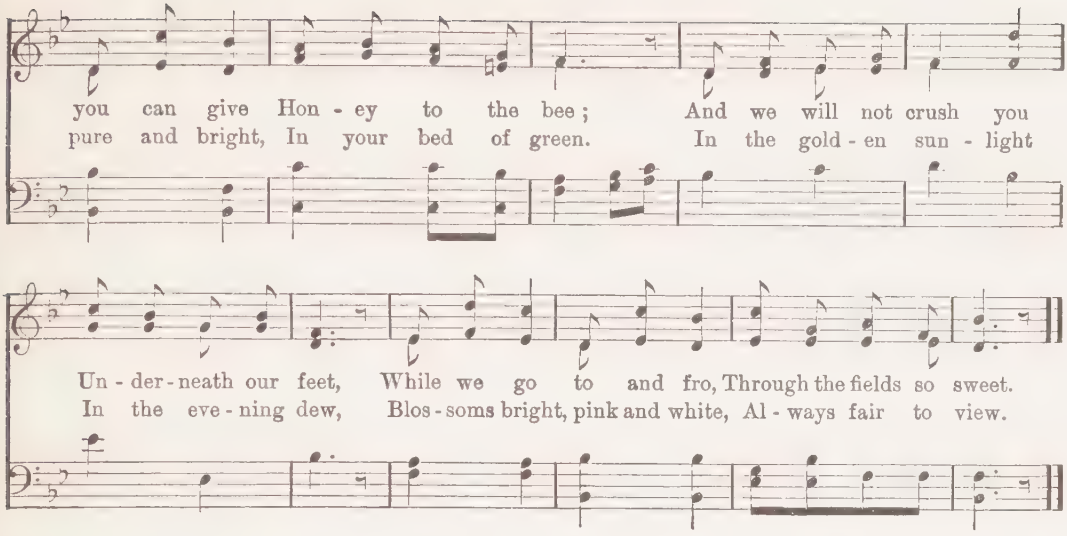
you can give Hon - ey to the bee; And we will not crush you
pure and bright, In your bed of green. In the gold - en sun - light
Un - der - neath our feet, While we go to and fro, Through the fields so sweet.
In the eve - ning dew, Blos - soms bright, pink and white, Al - ways fair to view.

125 STARS AND FLOWERS

MARY STANHOPE

French Air

Con moto

FINE

1. When the winds of eve - ning blow, Then the blos - soms drow - sy grow,
2. Stars are quite the oth - er way, They are all a - sleep by day;
Da capo al fine
Just as boys and girls, you know, Off to sleep at twi - light go.
Wide a - wake they of - ten stay, All night long, to dance and play.

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126 THE EVENING STAR

From the German of Hofmann von Fallersleben

Schumann

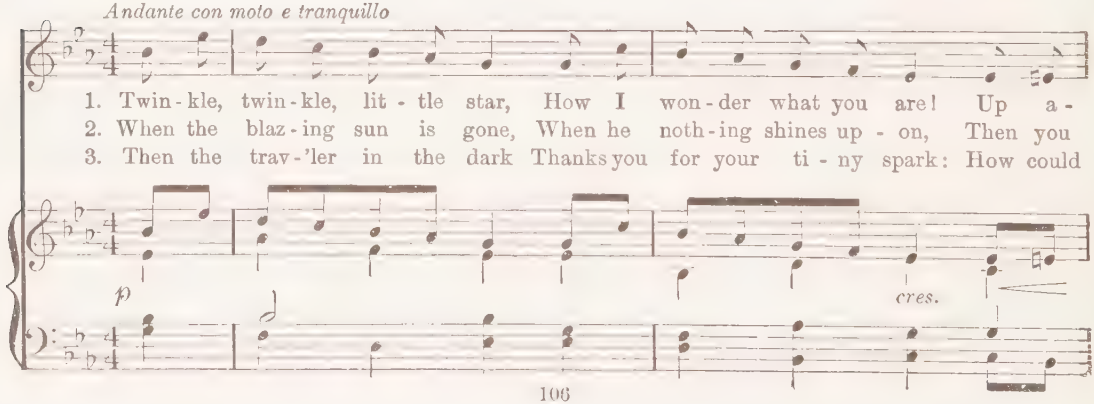
1. O beau - ti - ful star, That shines from a - far, My
2. I look up to see You peep - ing at me; Your
3. You beck - on me, too, I know that you do. O
whole heart doth love you, So love - ly you are!
bright, twink - ling eye Ev - er watch - ful must be.
beau - ti - ful star, How I wish I were you!

127 TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Jane Taylor

J. W. Elliott

Andante con moto e tranquillo


1. Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are! Up a -
2. When the blaz - ing sun is gone, When he noth - ing shines up - on, Then you
3. Then the trav - 'ler in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny spark: How could
p
cres.

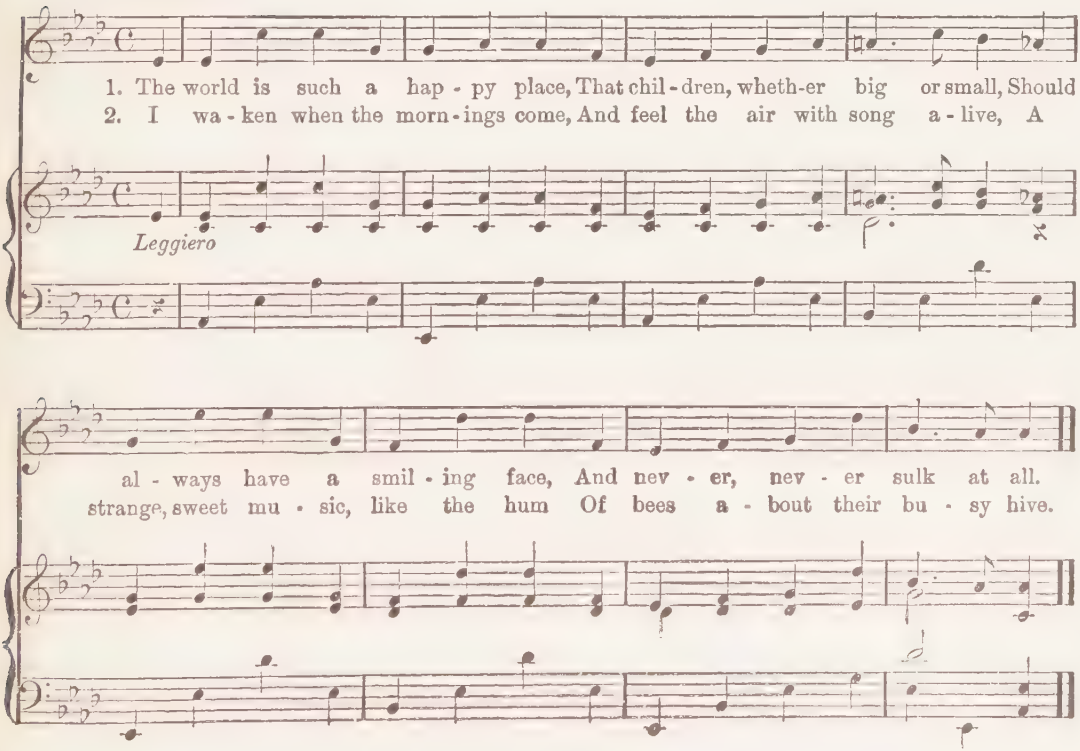
bove the world so high Like a dia - mond in the sky.
show your lit - tle light, Twin - kle, twin - kle, all the night.
he see where to go, If you did not twin - kle so?
ten.

4 In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

5 As your bright and shining spark
Lights the trav'ler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

128 THE WORLD'S MUSIC

GABRIEL SETOUN


1. The world is such a hap - py place, That chil - dren, wheth-er big or small, Should
2. I wa - ken when the morn - ings come, And feel the air with song a - live, A
Leggiero
al - ways have a smil - ing face, And nev - er, nev - er sulk at all.
strange, sweet mu - sic, like the hum Of bees a - bout their bu - sy hive.

129

MY MOTHER

MARY STANHOPE

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto
When at morn I first a - wake, My moth - er's face I see,
acc. leggiero
Ped.
Ped. simile
Smil - ing and all a - light with love, And bend - ing o - ver me.
When the bed - time shad - ows fall, I'm al - ways sure of this,
poco rit.
Just as I'm drift - ing off to dreams, I feel my moth - er's kiss.
poco rit.

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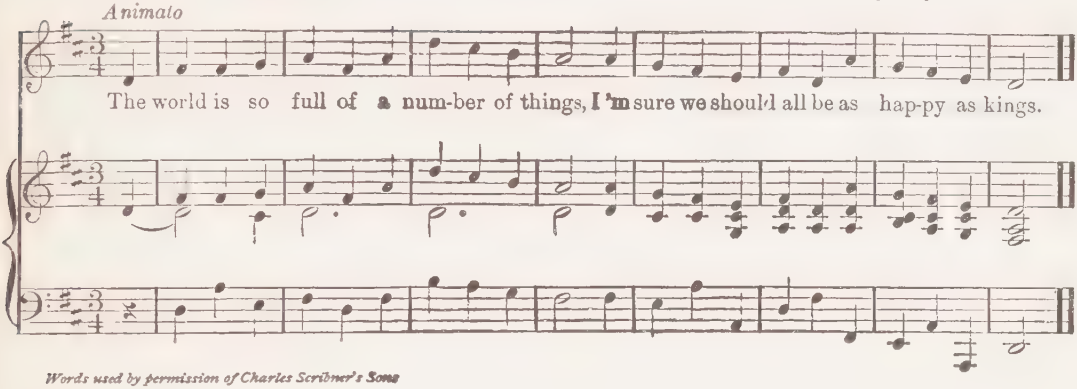
130 HAPPY THOUGHT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — Arranged by G. W. C.

Animato



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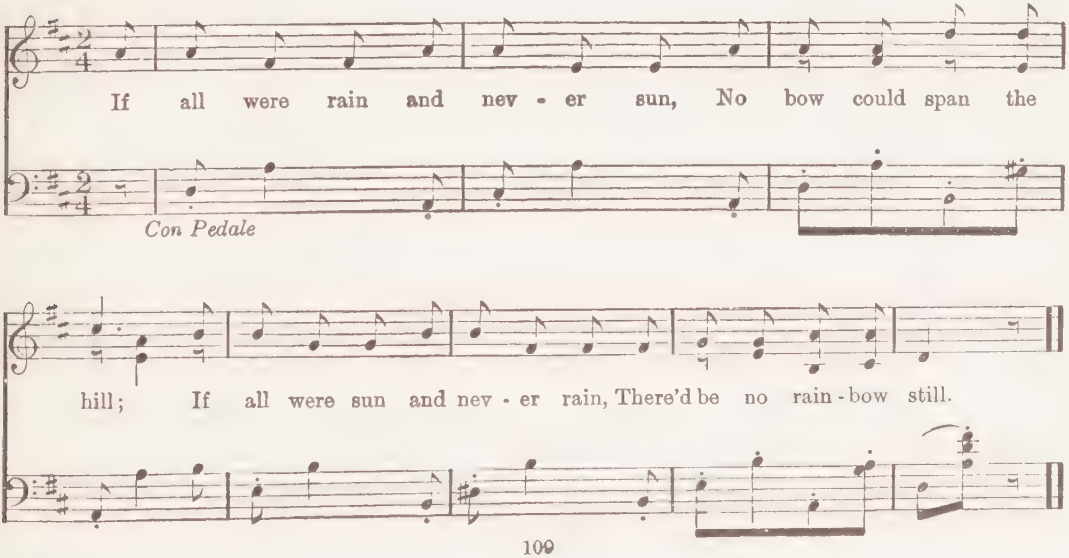
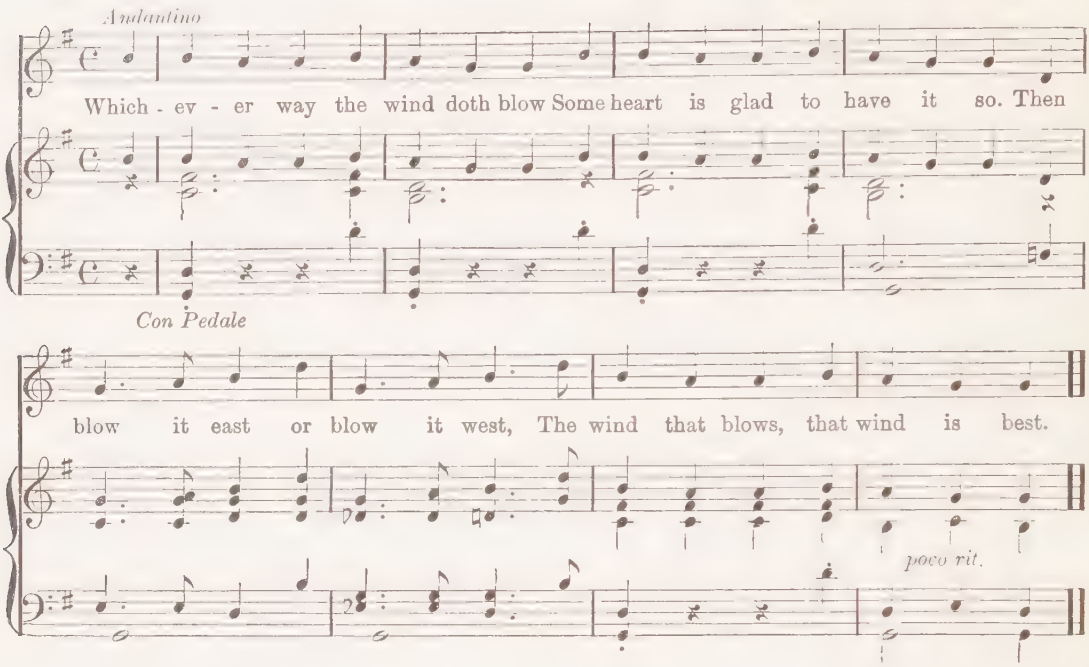
131 THE RAINBOW

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI — Adapted from SCHUMANN


If all were rain and nev - er sun, No bow could span the
Con Pedale
hill; If all were sun and nev - er rain, There'd be no rain - bow still.

132 WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND DOTH BLOW

CAROLINE A. MASON — GRACE WILBUR CONANT


Andantino
Which - ev - er way the wind doth blow Some heart is glad to have it so. Then
Con Pedale
blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best.
poco rit.

133 BIRDIES WITH BROKEN WINGS

MARY MAPES DODGE — Adapted from RAFF

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134 HAPPY AS A ROBIN

EMILIE POULSSON

Adapted from LAURE COLLIN

Animato e leggiero

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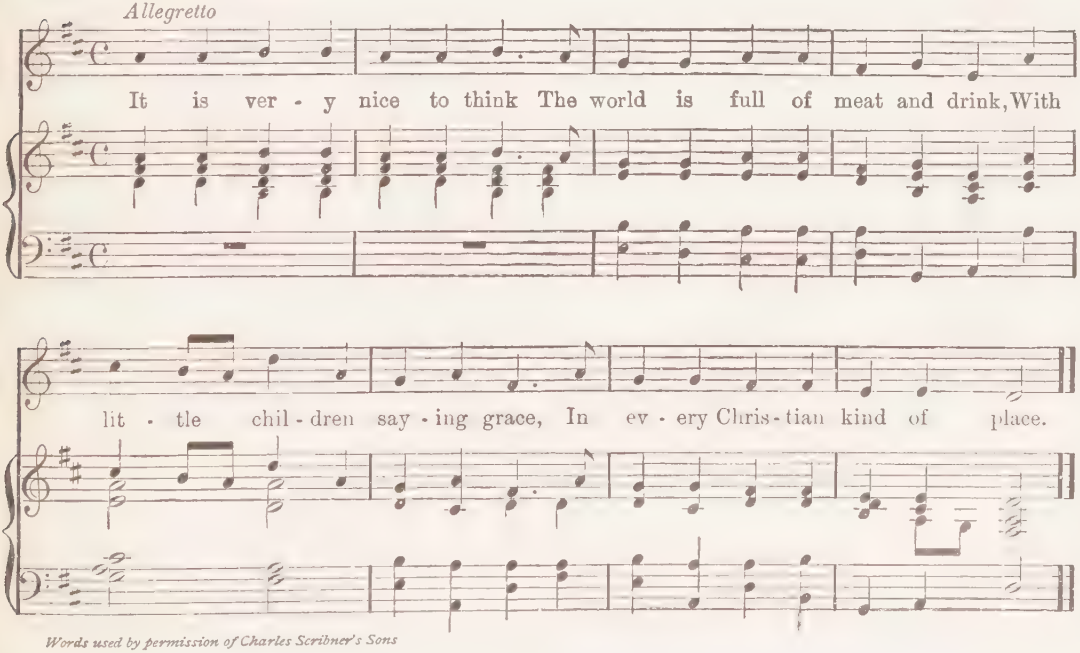
135 A THOUGHT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto


It is ver - y nice to think The world is full of meat and drink, With
lit - tle chil - dren say - ing grace, In ev - ery Chris - tian kind of place.

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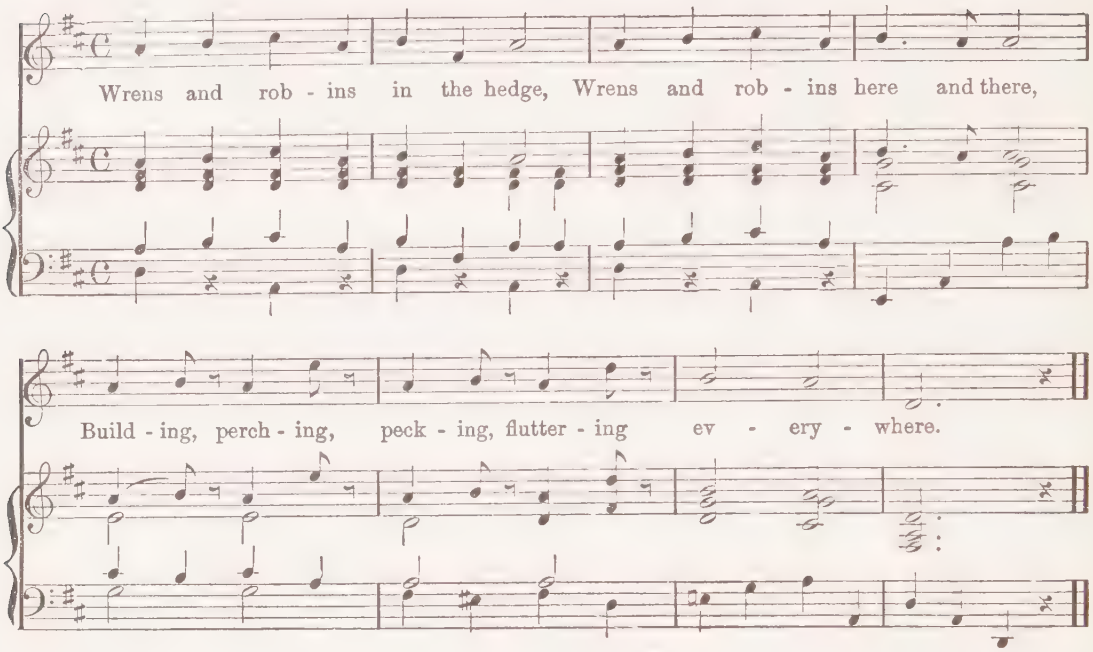
136 WRENS AND ROBINS IN THE HEDGE

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



137 WHAT THE MOON SAID

LUCY WHEELOCK

Adapted from GOUNOD

Not too slowly

I can-not shine like the sun, so bright, God did not give me a bril-liant light; I'm
on - ly a moon, but I'll do my best To shine and shine while you all rest.

138 SNOW SONG

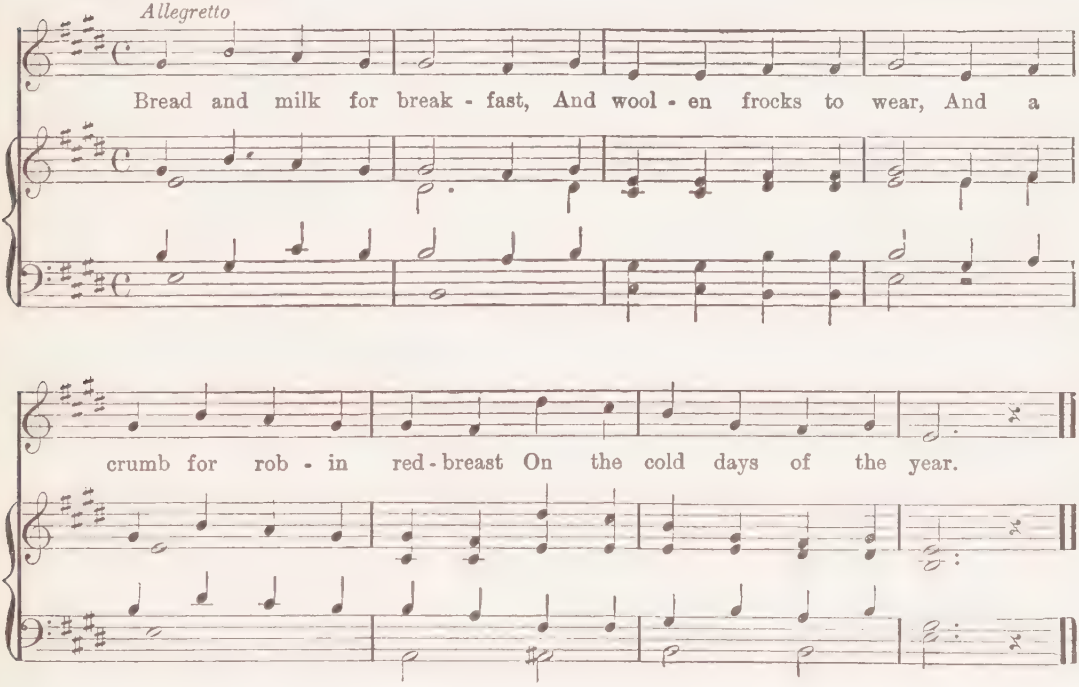
Adapted from SCHUBERT

139 IN WINTER

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto

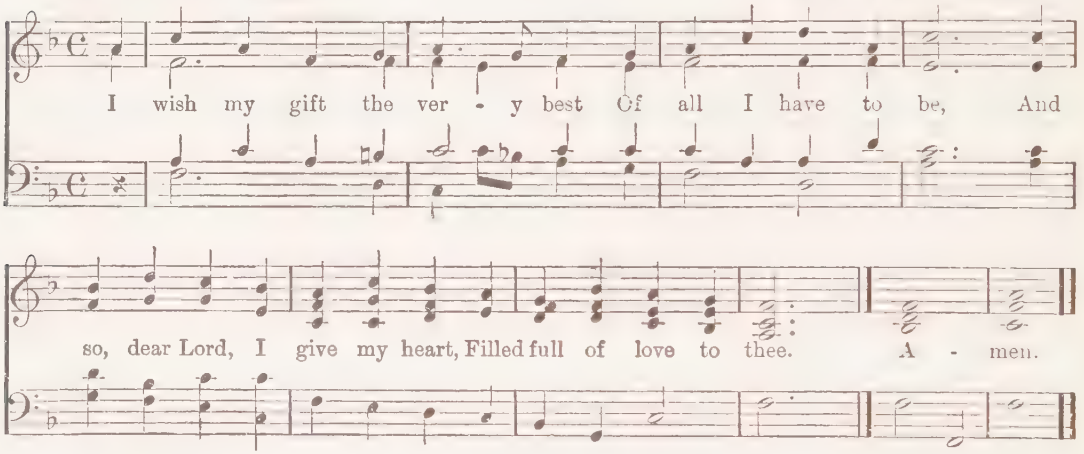


140 HE PRAYETH BEST WHO LOVETH BEST

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE — J. W. ELLIOTT

141 A PRAYER

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — GRACE WILBUR CONANT



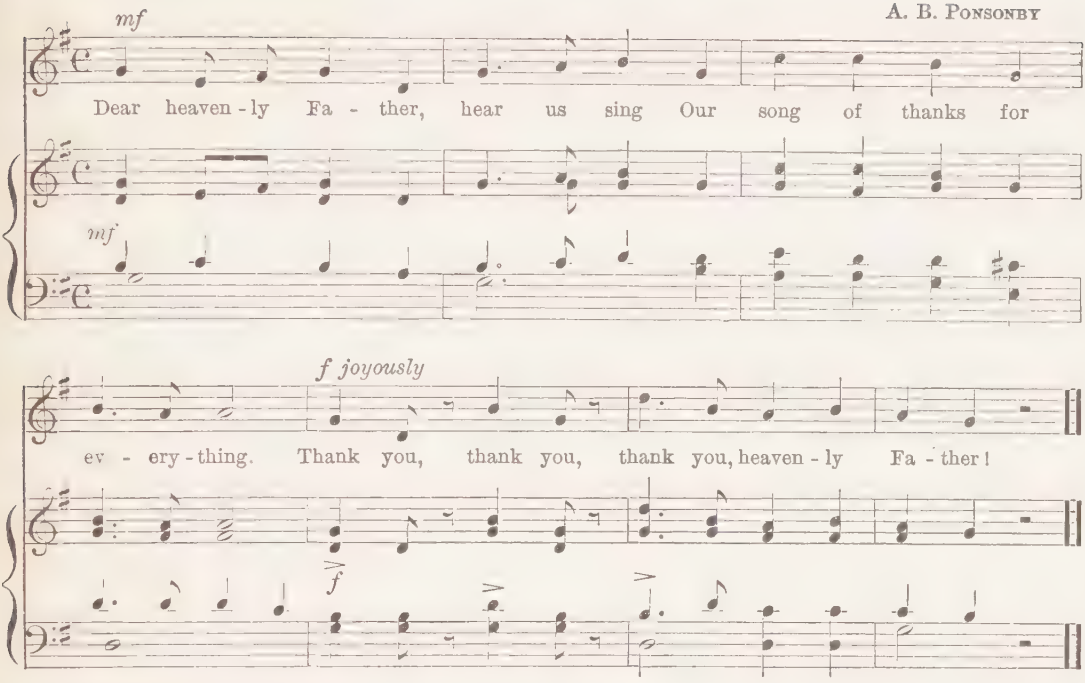
142 VERSE BEFORE PRAYER

(Recite the following verse with motions to get into reverent mood for a prayer or prayer-hymn.)

"We *fold our hands* that we may be
From earthly play and work set free;
We *bow our heads* as we draw near
The King of kings, our Father dear;
We *close our eyes*, that we may see
Nothing to take our thoughts from thee."

143 LITTLE SONG OF THANKS

A. B. Ponsonby


mf
Dear heaven - ly Fa - ther, hear us sing Our song of thanks for
mf
f joyously
ev - ery - thing. Thank you, thank you, thank you, heaven - ly Fa - ther!
f

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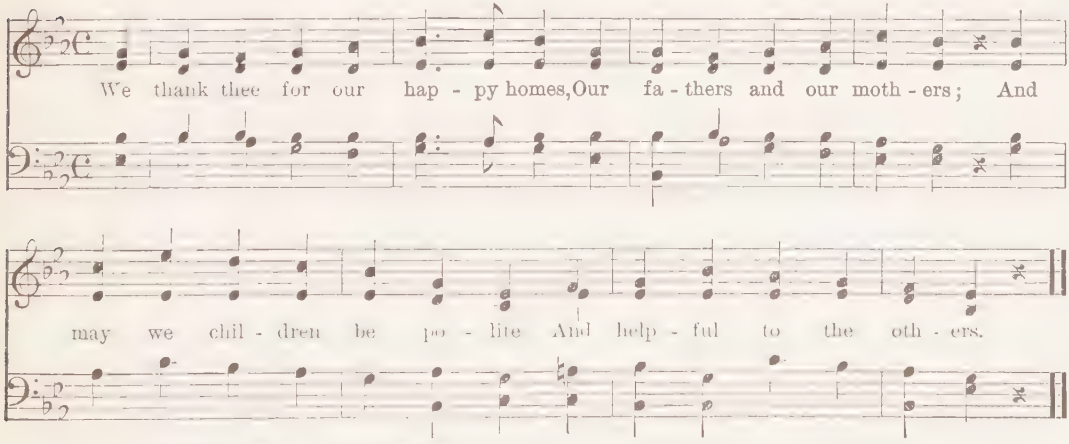
144 A CHILD'S THANKS

Frances Weld Danielson

Grace Wilbur Conant



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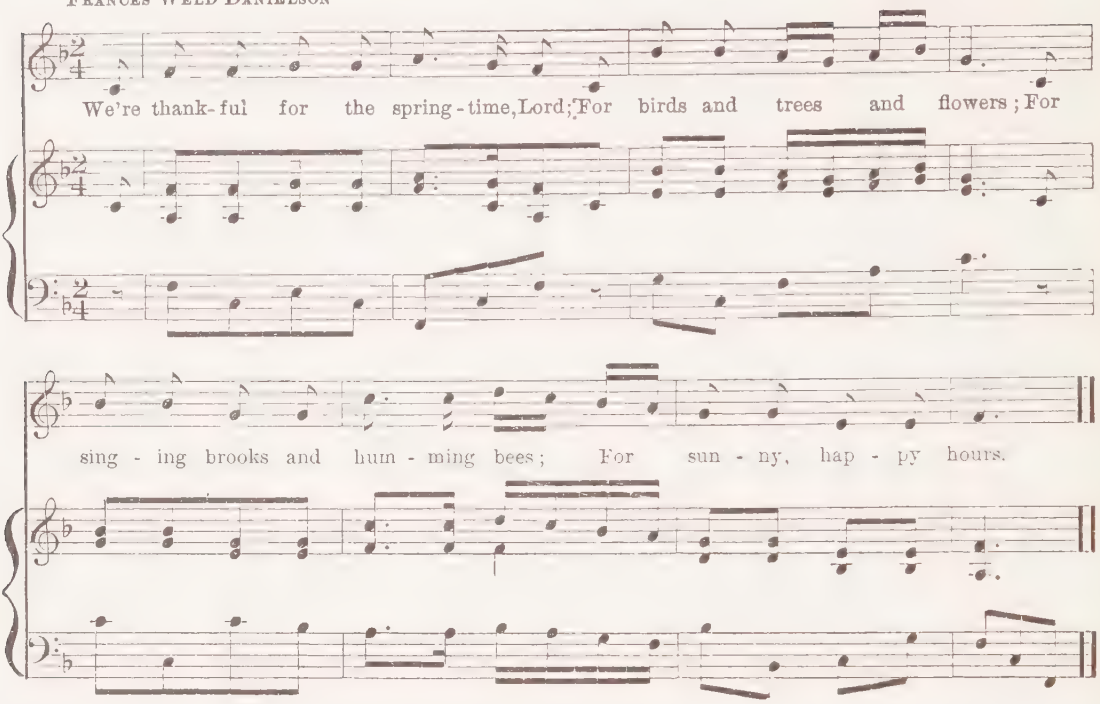
145 A SPRINGTIME PRAYER

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

Air from MOZART


We're thank-ful for the spring-time, Lord; For birds and trees and flowers; For
sing-ing brooks and hum-ming bees; For sun-ny, hap-py hours.

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146 A PRAYER TO JESUS

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

HENRY BAKER

147 OH, WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO

(As the children sing the responses, they hold out hands, and point to lips, eyes, and hearts.)

GRACE W. HINSDALE — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Allegretto moderato
TEACHER: 1. Oh, what can lit - tle hands do, To please the King of heaven?
2. Oh, what can lit - tle lips do, To please the King of heaven?
Ped.
Ped.
SCHOLARS: The lit - tle hands some work may try That will some sim - ple
The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of
leggiero
want sup - ply: Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.
kind - ness say: Such grace to mine be given, Such grace to mine be given.

3 Oh, what can little eyes do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy Book:
Such grace to mine be given.

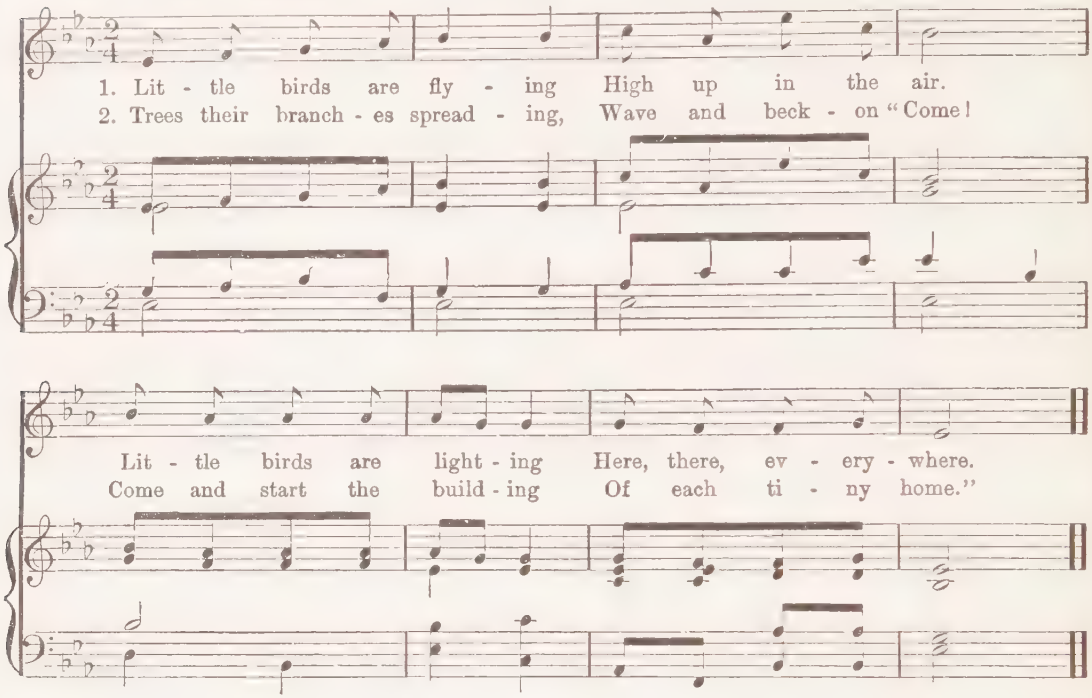
4 Oh, what can little hearts do,
To please the King of heaven?
Young hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour-Friend:
Such grace to mine be given.

148 THE BIRDS' YEAR

(Let the children stand and represent the flying birds by their fluttering fingers, which light gently upon heads and shoulders. The outstretched, swaying arms become the waving branches. Then the left hands form round nests, and the young ones are fed with the fingers of the right hands. Once more the fluttering fingers fly like birds, high above.)

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

German


1. Lit - tle birds are fly - ing High up in the air.
2. Trees their branch - es spread - ing, Wave and beck - on "Come!
Lit - tle birds are light - ing Here, there, ev - ery - where.
Come and start the build - ing Of each ti - ny home."

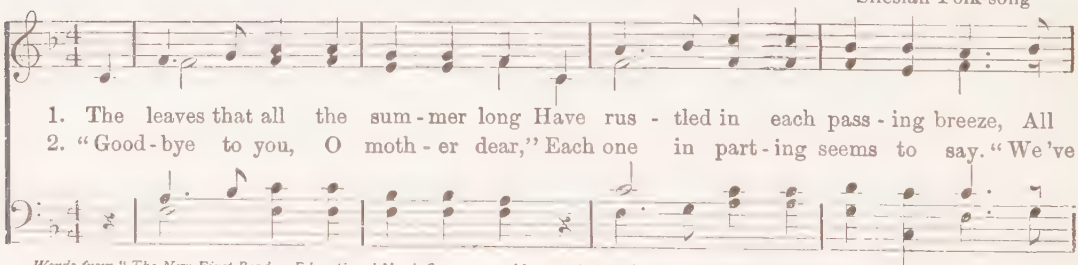
3 Birds their nests are weaving,
Soft and snug and round;
Soon to young ones giving
Food that they have found.

4 Now the nests are empty, —
High up in the air
Baby birds are flying
Here, there, everywhere.

149 AUTUMN LEAVES

(The leaves are represented by the children's fluttering fingers.)

Silesian Folk-song


1. The leaves that all the sum - mer long Have rus - tled in each pass - ing breeze, All
2. "Good - bye to you, O moth - er dear," Each one in part - ing seems to say. "We've

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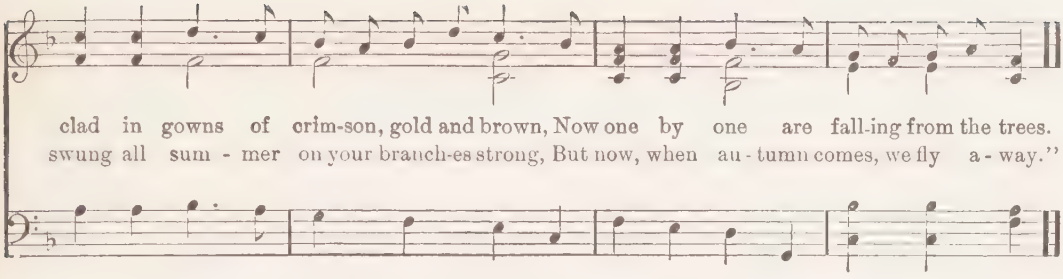

clad in gowns of crim-son, gold and brown, Now one by one are fall-ing from the trees.
swung all sum - mer on your branch-es strong, But now, when au - tumn comes, we fly a - way."

150 THE NEST

(Let the children join hands and form a circle to represent a hedge, two of the smallest being chosen for the eggs, and kneeling in the center. In the second verse they raise their heads and sing the "peeps," while all the children join in the last line.)

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL — Russian Folk-song

1. On the twigs, with - in a hedge, A bird her nest has made.
2. From be - neath the moth - er's wings Two lit - tle birds ap - pear.
In the nest so soft and warm Two ti - ny eggs are laid.
Hear them cry - ing, "Peep, peep, peep, We love you, moth - er dear."

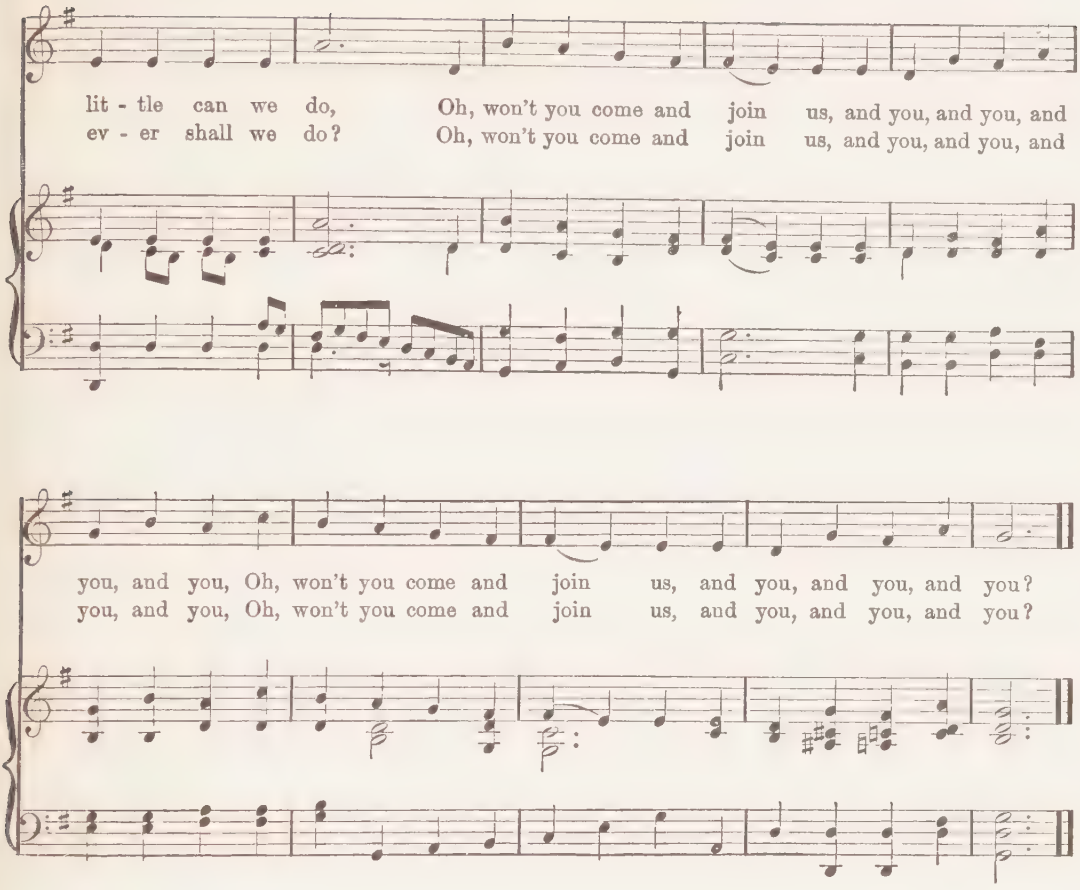
THE RAIN-DROPS

(The children stand in two rows. Two of the smallest walk between the rest, singing the first verse and calling out a few others to join them at the words "and you, and you." The children thus called fall in behind the two rain-drops, and march about the room singing, adding to their number at each verse, and standing in a circle as they sing the last verse. Or, if the circle be a large one, the marching may all be done within it, the children twining about like a stream, and coming to a rest before their chairs, as they sing the last verse.)

EMMA CASE

H. KEATLEY MOORE

1. Pit - ter, pat - ter, here we come; two rain - drops small are we;
2. Now all to - geth - er on we go; a ti - ny stream are we; We
Pit - ter, pat - ter, here we come; we want to reach the sea, we
will not stop up - on the way; we'll go to find the sea, we'll
want to reach the sea. But we are both so ver - y small, so
go to find the sea. But still the stream is ver - y small,— what-


lit - tle can we do, Oh, won't you come and join us, and you, and you, and
ev - er shall we do? Oh, won't you come and join us, and you, and you, and
you, and you, Oh, won't you come and join us, and you, and you, and you?
you, and you, Oh, won't you come and join us, and you, and you, and you?

3

Now steadily we flow along; a river wide are we;
No more to rest until, at last, the river joins the sea.
No longer weak, no longer small, our course we now pursue, —
And yet there 's room enough for all, for you, and you, and you, and you,
And yet there 's room enough for all, for you, and you, and you.

4

Dear rain-drops, you found out the way, and grateful all are we,
For stream and brook and river wide have reached the glorious sea.
And though at first you were so small, and we were very few,
Just look how great and strong we 've grown, because we 've followed you, and you,
Just look how great and strong we 've grown, because we 've followed you.

THE BIRDS' LULLABY

(Let the arms be extended to represent a cradle and swayed in time to the music.)

ISABELLA HOWE FISKE — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andante con moto

Up - stairs in the pine boughs Where the cra-dles sway, Lit - tle birds are sleep - ing,
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. simile
Moth - er bird's a - way. Care - ful breez - es rock them Bus - i - ly, all day,
Care - ful breezes rock them Bus - i - ly, all day.
p
Ca - lan - do

From "The Snowflake Dance and Five Other Songs for the Kindergarten." Used by permission

THE FINGER FAMILY

(During first verse hold up right hand. As the fingers are mentioned in second verse, touch them, beginning with the thumb. Tuck the little finger into the palm of the hand and gently sway, softly humming over the last two measures.)

Words and Music by FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

1. I have a small fam - i - ly here, A fam - i - ly full of good
2. You see the good fath - er so strong, The moth - er so kind all day
Con Pedale
cheer; A fath - er and moth - er, A sis - ter and broth - er, A
long, The tall sis - ter mer - ry, The small broth - er cheer - y, The
ba - by both cun - ning and dear, A ba - by both cun - ning and dear.
ba - by — let 's sing him a song, The ba - by — let 's sing him a song.

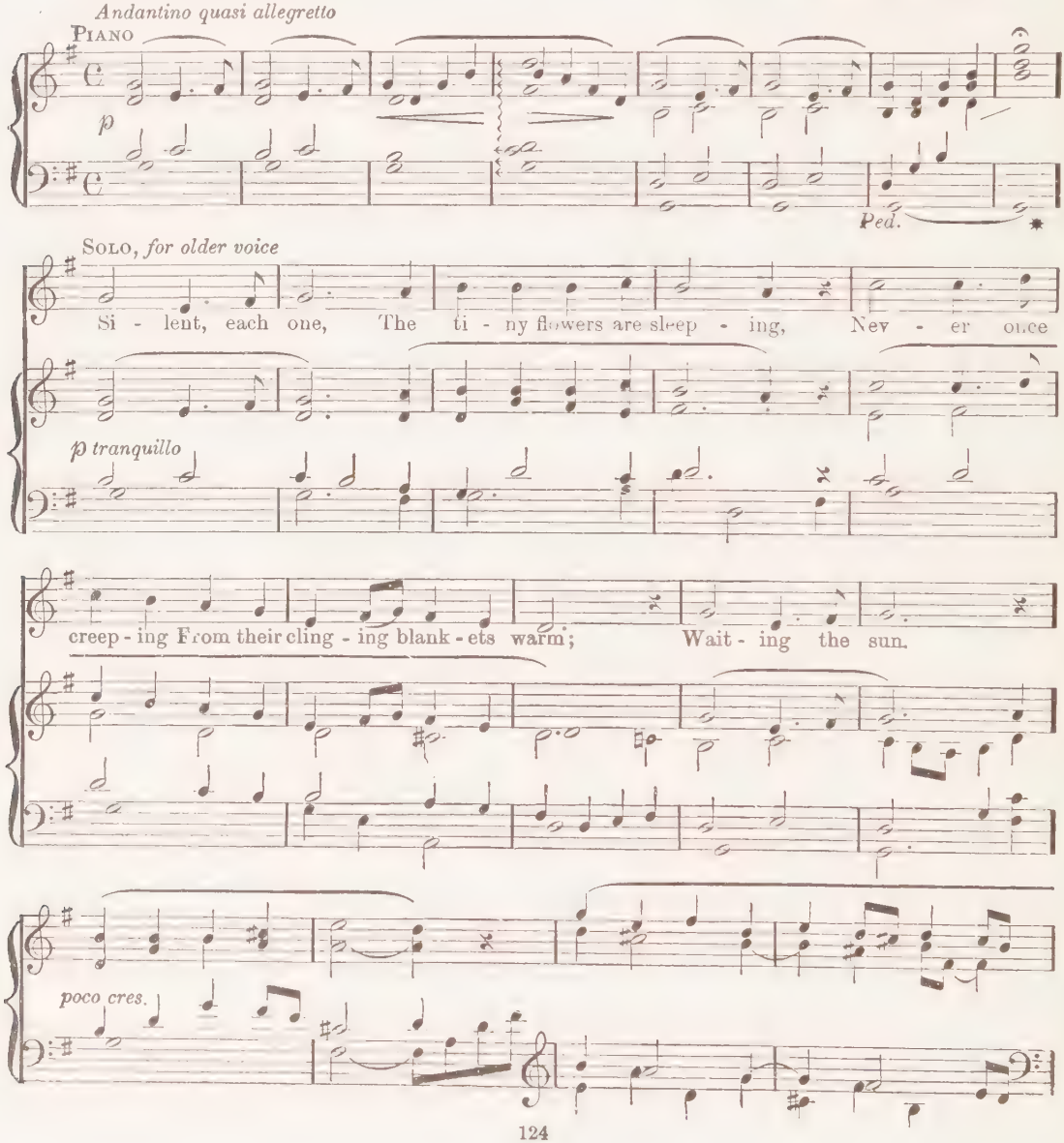
THE WAKING OF THE FLOWERS

(A SPRINGTIME OR EASTER EXERCISE)

(Let children, in groups of four or nine, be arranged in solid squares, their heads bowed, representing flowers sleeping in garden beds, with spaces between for paths, while an older voice sings softly the opening words. After this, at the point in the music indicated by a star, a child impersonates the sunshine and strays along the paths, lightly touching the little bowed heads, which rise, here one, there another, till all the garden beds are filled with bright flowers, which lift their sweet faces and sing their hymn of praise.)

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON — GRACE WILBUR CONANT

Andantino quasi allegretto


PIANO
p
Ped.
SOLO, for older voice
Si - lent, each one, The ti - ny flowers are sleep - ing, Nev - er once
p tranquillo
creep - ing From their cling - ing blank - ets warm; Wait - ing the sun.
poco cres.

* This passage for piano, beginning with bar indicated by the star, should be played with constantly increasing animation till the reentrance of the voices.

mf a tempo
Fa - ther, to thee We lift our flow - er fa - ces, Waked by thy
mf a tempo
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
sun-beams, Hap - py in thy lov - ing care. Fa - ther, for thee Are
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
p mf
all our gen - tle gra - ces; We're soft - ly blow - ing, Sweet - ly grow - ing,
cres.
p mf
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
f
Thy lit - tle gar - den fair.
f dim. pp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

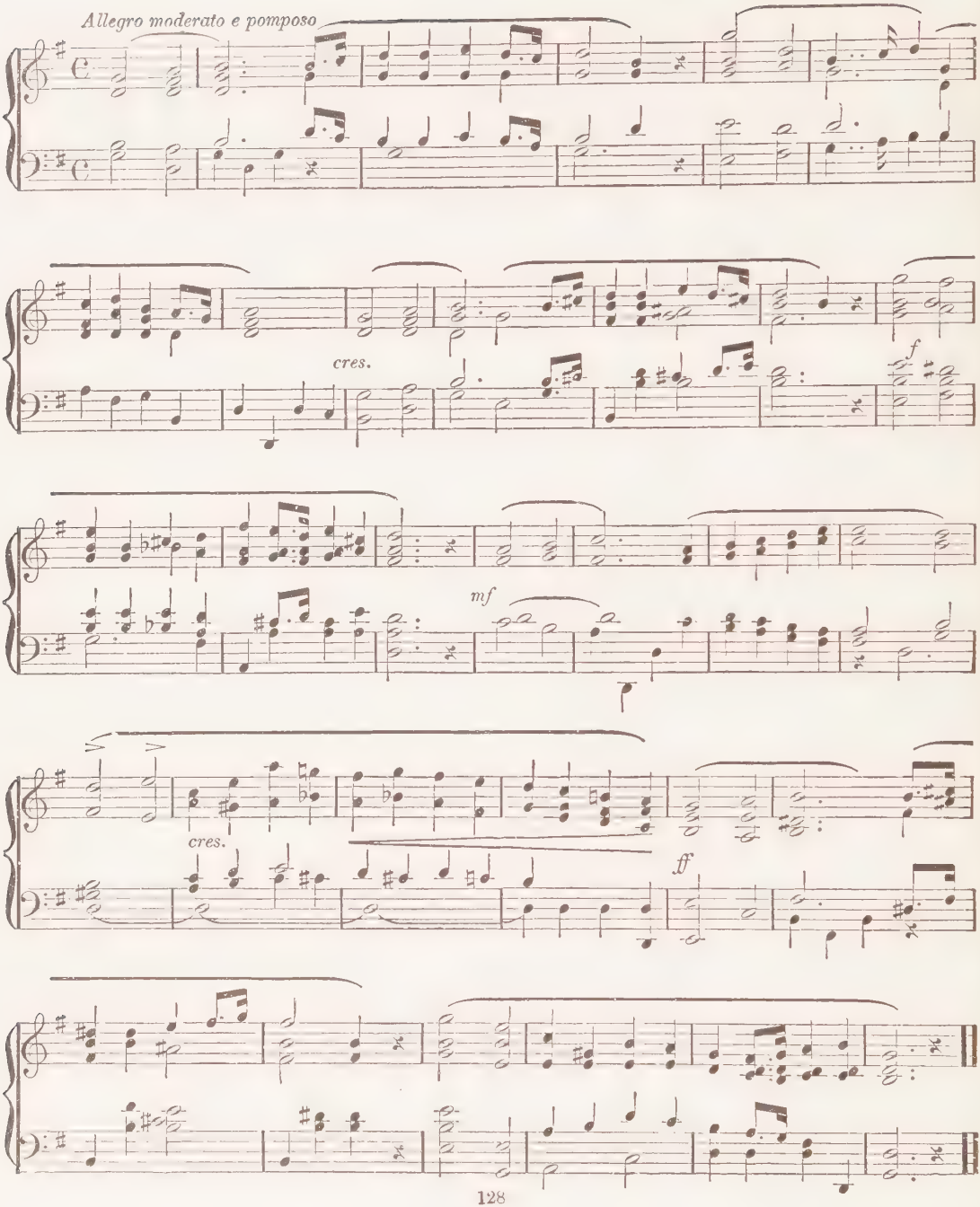
155

PROCESSIONAL

BRAHMS. Arr.

MARCH

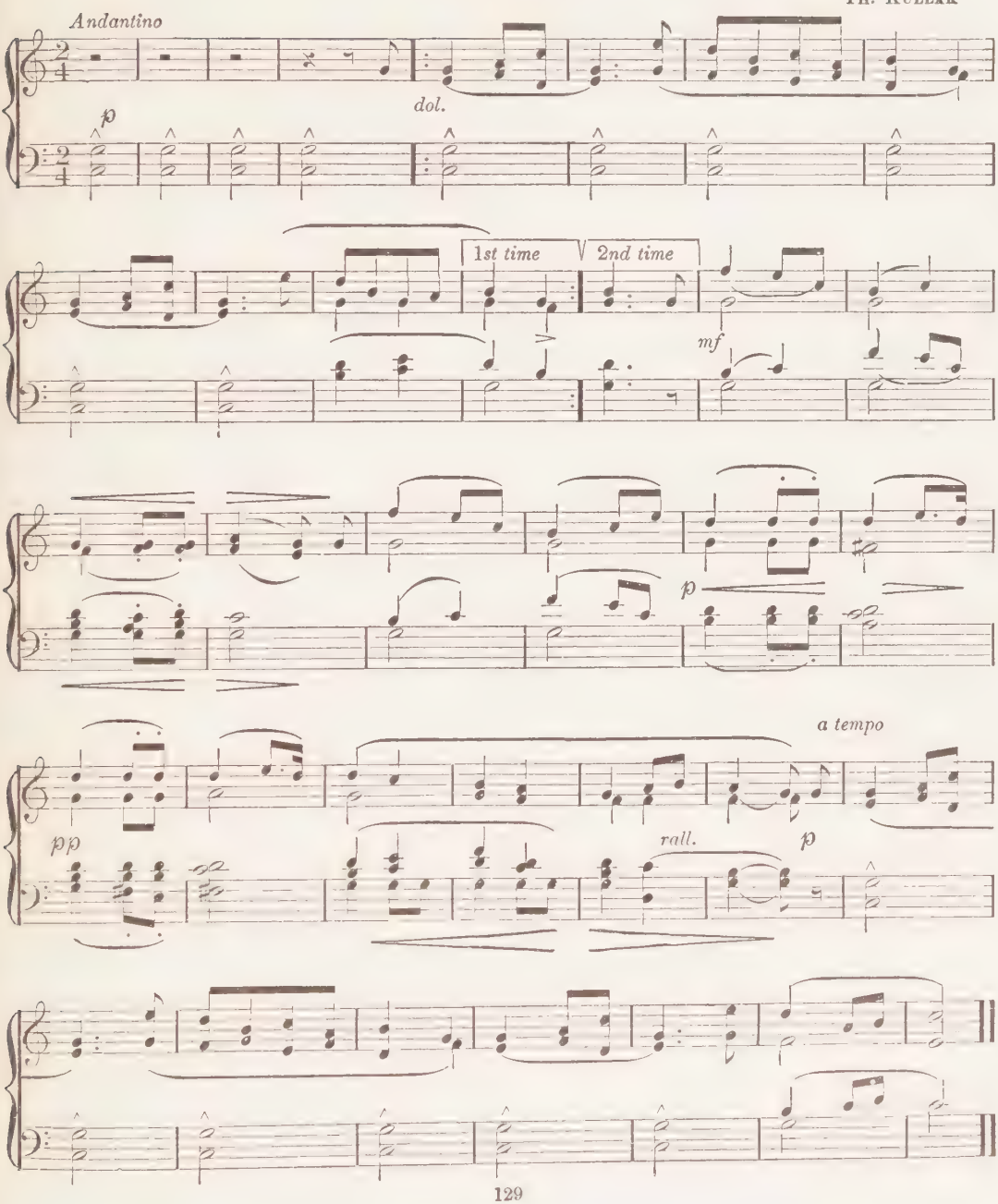
HENRY SMART. ATT.



SUNDAY MORNING

(QUIETING MUSIC)

TH. KULLAK



158 SWAYING TREES

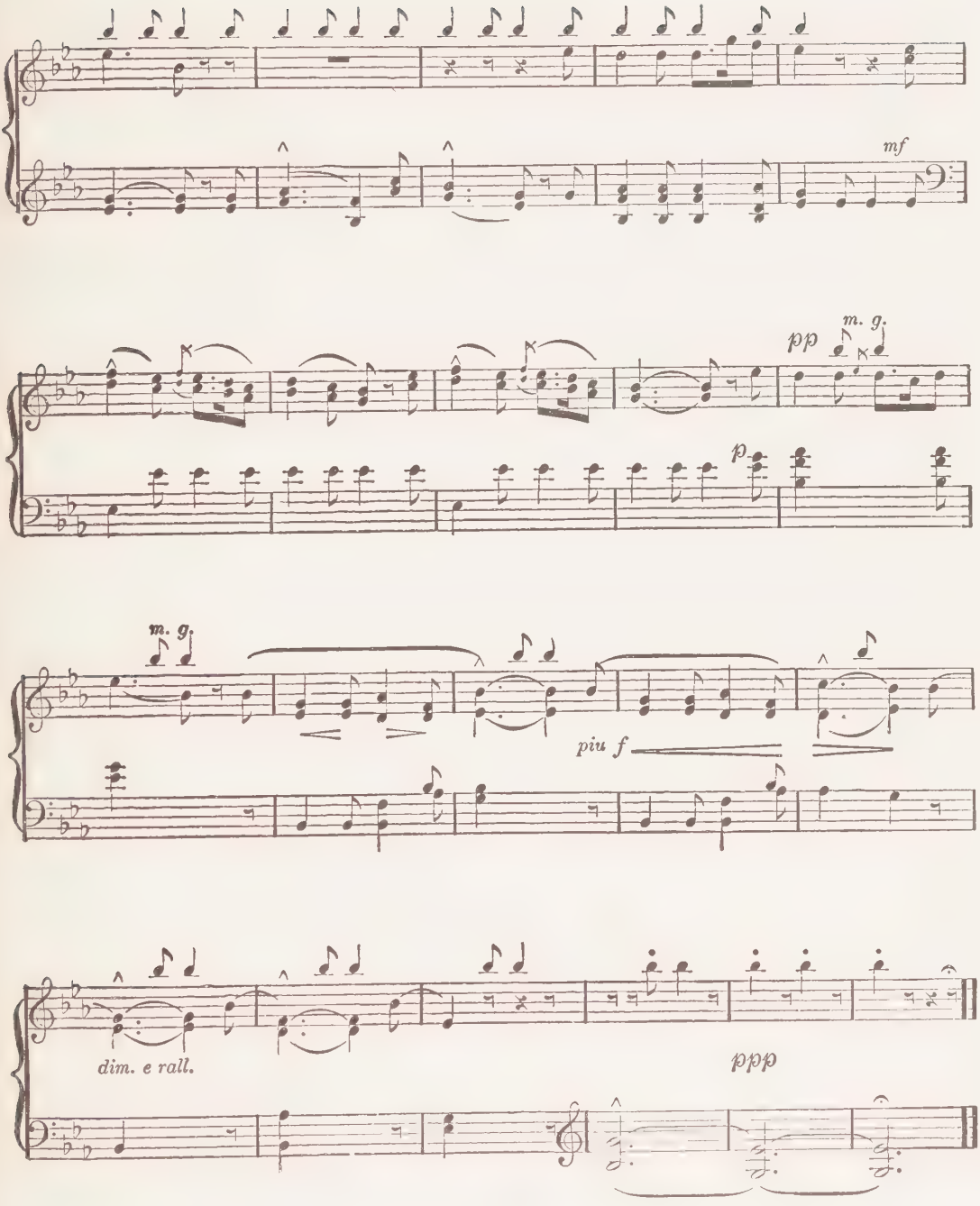
(Let the children stand, representing trees, the arms held out for branches, the fingers fluttering leaves. As the winds, indicated by the music, blow hard or lightly, so do the trees sway.)

SCHUBERT. Arr.

159 THE EVENING BELL

(Let the children ring imaginary church bells, grasping a rope high overhead and pulling it slowly down to the floor.)

TH. KULLAK. Arr.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